DEC 28,
1935

Liberty

5¢

MY RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR by SHIRLEY TEMPLE

SNOWED UNDER

A SMART NOVEL OF TWO WIVES AND ONE HUSBAND
BY LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

REJUVENATION—1936 by Bernarr Macfadden

A NATURAL WAY TO POSTPONE YOUR OLD AGE

THIS YEAR, MAKE YOURSELF ANOTHER BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

Four Roses
ONE PINT

FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Four Roses Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each glass. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.)

LAST year, thousands of people told us our Egg-nog recipe made the finest bowl of Merry Christmas they ever tasted.

So here it is again—the best recipe we know for a real old-fashioned Christmas . . . *And be sure to make your Egg-nog with Four Roses!*

For Four Roses, you know, is *all* whiskey—all old-fashioned whiskey. Every drop made from selected old grains by the slow, costly old-fashioned method, using crystal-clear limestone water.

So lay in a goodly stock of Four Roses. Let it add its glorious flavor to your holiday Egg-nog—and to your cocktails and highballs, too. And if you want to please that friend who is so particular about the whiskey he drinks, just give him a few bottles of Four Roses in their gay holiday wrapper.

Three other Frankfort suggestions for the holidays: Paul Jones, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies.

Send 10¢ in stamps for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book."

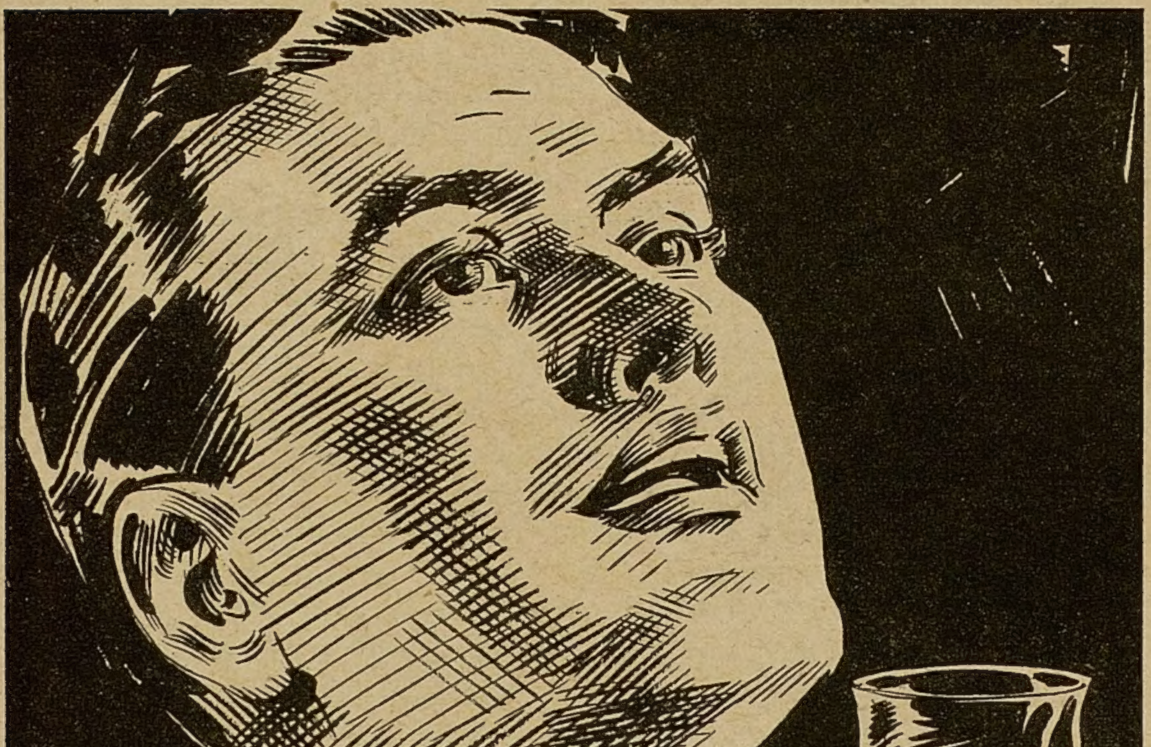
FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

A blend of straight whiskies—and that means all whiskey

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES OF LOUISVILLE AND BALTIMORE

This advertisement does not offer this product for sale in dry States: it is offered for sale only in compliance with all State and Federal Statutes.

Fight colds where they start • *in the throat* -with LISTERINE


LISTERINE
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TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE
ANTISEPTIC
ALCOHOL 25%
LAMBERT
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ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

HONORS

For more than 50 years Listerine has had the commendation of outstanding men in the fields of medicine, bacteriology, and chemistry. In addition, it has won high awards in great Centennial Fairs; has been tested in laboratories of international repute, and today is approved by the famous Good Housekeeping Institute of New York City.

Tested and Approved
SERIAL NO. 4602
by
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Safe antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with sore throat and colds

DON'T go on suffering with heavy colds that undermine your strength. Don't put up with painful sore throats. Go after these conditions in the sensible, scientific way.

Kills germs in the throat

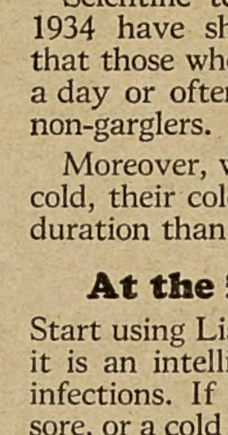
Listerine attacks the germs associated with colds and sore throat. Almost immediately after gargling it kills literally millions of them in throat and mouth, before they have a chance to enter the body.

Scientific tests in 1930-31, 1931-32 and 1934 have shown this comforting result: that those who gargled with Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than non-gargler s.

Moreover, when Listerine users did catch cold, their colds were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

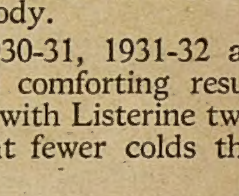
At the first sign of a cold

Start using Listerine today. As you can see, it is an intelligent precaution against cold infections. If you feel your throat getting sore, or a cold coming on, use Listerine more frequently—every 3 hours is recommended. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.


JAMESTOWN TERCENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.


LISTERINE
COUGH DROPS

10c

-and see how it relieves Sore Throat

DECEMBER 28, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 52

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

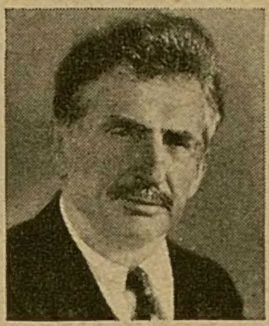
FULTON OURSLER,
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Our Foreign Charity Wards—Send Them Home!

IT has been estimated that there are five million foreigners in this country, and a large percentage of them are on the dole.

We have been the Santa Claus for European citizens about long enough. We should use our borrowed money to take care of our own people. With millions of our own citizens on the charity list there is no reason for adding to governmental indebtedness by supporting foreign citizens.



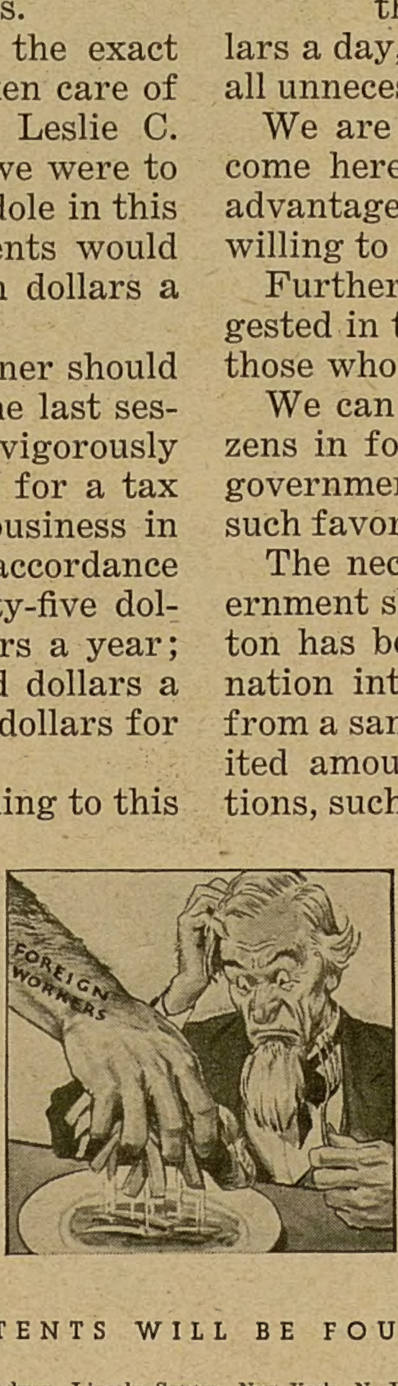
BERNARR MACFADDEN

It would be impossible to determine the exact number of foreigners who are being taken care of by the government. But Congressman Leslie C. Arends from Illinois maintains that if we were to send back all the foreigners now on the dole in this country the state and federal governments would save approximately two hundred million dollars a year.

He believes, further, that every foreigner should be registered. He introduced a bill in the last session of Congress which he expects to vigorously promote in the next session which calls for a tax on every foreigner employed or doing business in this country. An unskilled laborer, in accordance with his plan, would have to pay twenty-five dollars a year; a skilled laborer fifty dollars a year; scientific or professional men a hundred dollars a year; and an alien would pay a hundred dollars for each place of business he operates.

There is no reason why foreigners coming to this country should not pay something for the protection and privileges which are extended to them so liberally.

Our citizens have to pay their share of the governmental expenses. And although foreigners would naturally be subject to the income and other taxes if they were property owners, they do not assume some of the responsibilities that are required of our citizens.



Congressman Arends maintains that the taxes he proposes on foreigners now securing the advantages of our governmental system would add at least one hundred million dollars a year to our Treasury.

But the most important feature of the bill is the saving that would result from shipping our foreign charity wards to their home countries.

With our government going into debt at the rate of approximately ten million dollars a day, we should make some effort to eliminate all unnecessary expense.

We are under no obligations to foreigners who come here. If they find our country offers them advantages superior to their own, they should be willing to pay something for this privilege.

Furthermore, the registration of foreigners suggested in this new bill would make the detection of those who are here illegally less difficult.

We can be sure there are no United States citizens in foreign lands who are being supported at governmental expense. Then why should *we* extend such favors?

The necessity for economizing even by our government should be given some attention. Washington has been following the policy of spending the nation into prosperity. If money could be drawn from a sandbank, or if it could be supplied in unlimited amounts without mortgaging future generations, such a policy might be commended. But when we realize we are borrowing billions of dollars that may have to be paid by our children and our children's children, there is an imperative need for curtailing every possible expense.

Our foreign charity wards should be sent home! This is a time when every nation should take care of its own people.

Bernarr Macfadden

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"On your Guard!"

If you have tears to shed, love to give, a heart to lose — on your guard! For out of Charles Dickens' greatest romance comes a motion picture with all the warmth, fire and surging drama of the great original!

RONALD COLMAN IN A TALE OF TWO CITIES

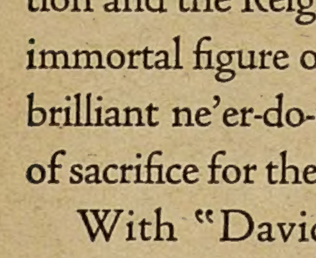
TEMPESTUOUS STORY of intrigue and danger in the red days of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror— centered around the immortal figure of *Sydney Carton*—that handsome, brilliant ne'er-do-well who rose to supreme heights of sacrifice for the woman he loved!

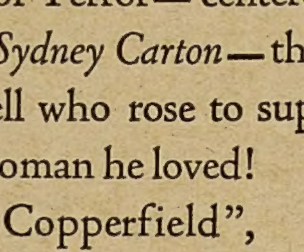
With "David Copperfield", Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer showed you how human and appealing Charles Dickens could be on the screen. Now with his grandest love story, "A Tale of Two Cities", you see him as one of the great romanticists of all time!

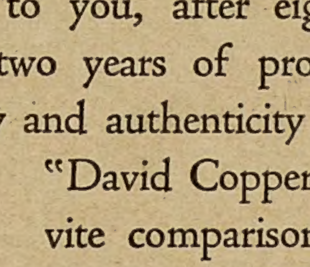
It comes to you, after eighteen months of preparation, two years of production, with the same sincerity and authenticity that distinguished "David Copperfield". And we invite comparison with that great classic, confident that you will concur with our prediction that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

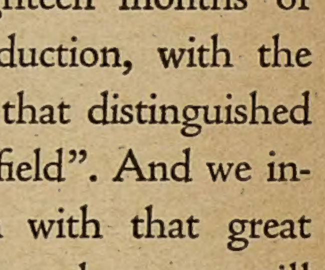
6000 in the cast with 27 featured players including:
ELIZABETH ALLAN, EDNA MAY OLIVER, BLANCHE YURKA, REGINALD OWEN, BASIL RATHBONE, HENRY B. WALTHALL, WALTER CATLETT, DONALD WOODS, FRITZ LEIBER, H. B. WARNER, MITCHELL LEWIS, LUCILLE LA VERNE, CLAUDE GILLINGWATER, TULLY MARSHALL

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
Directed by JACK CONWAY
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture


Carton pledges his life to Lucie, about to wed the aristocrat Darnay


The Red Terror strikes—revolutionists clamor for the heads of aristocrats


Despite Carton's brilliant defense, Darnay is sentenced to die


Carton changes places with Darnay and fulfills his pledge to Lucie

BEGINNING—

Snowed Under

A Smart Modern Novel of Two Wives, One Husband, and a Sweetheart, in a Lively Game of Hide-and-Seek with Love

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

PART ONE—ENTER MADAME

THE little Yankee body in the dark wool dress bustled into the study, pulling aside the curtain that divided it from the living room. Mr. Tanner had not been writing; he was standing at the west window, staring moodily out at the storm.

"Snowin' like the devil's wife'd busted her feather bed," said Mrs. Canterbury. "I'm through now, Mr. Tanner, except you might let me clean up in here."

Joshua Tanner turned his lean body around, followed the little old woman's accusing gaze over the maple stretcher table stacked with manuscript, yellow and white paper, littered with pipes, tobacco jar, ash receivers, pencils, envelopes, letters, around a dial telephone and, in a little cleared space, a portable typewriter. His vague gaze took in the colonial hooked rug over which half a hundred discarded yellow sheets were drifted.

"Thanks," he said absently. "I'll clean up when I get through. Probably some of that on the floor is better than what I saved."

She had her bonnet in her hand; she crossed to the mirror over the couch to put it on.

"I'd stop and go for a walk," she advised. "Straight up five o'clock and you been at it steady since noon."

Excepting the moccasins, he was dressed for outdoors, in a lumberjack's shirt, corded breeches, and boot socks, all brown; his high lace boots stood by the couch. In that rig, she reflected, Mr. Tanner looked a lot more like a Yankee farmer than a play-writer, with that big frame and his black hair and keen gray eyes.

Funny way for a Connecticut Tanner to be making a living, pecking out play talk and stories for the magazines on a pint-size typewriter that he could smash with one fist—and looked like he wanted to right now! There had been Tanners in Fairfield County for three hundred years, though this one'd been born out in the Western Reserve of Ohio. His great-grandfather had rode out there with a Bible in his saddlebags to preach the gospel; he'd been gifted with words, too. This one hadn't used his gift in the Lord's service; some of the plays he'd wrote were downright scandalous, they said. But he was a good man in spite of it, and not like these uppity city folks, artists and writers and New York businessmen that had settled in Weston in the past twenty year. Never judged a man by the cut of his coat, Joshua Tanner didn't; though about the women, the Lord help him, he hadn't no judgment at all. Two wives divorced a'ready, and him only thirty-three.

He had gone into the living room; she could see in the mirror that he had sat down at the mahogany secretary that had been his great-grandmother Sarah Palfrey's. She followed him in. He was writing a check.

"Is that for Luke and me?" she asked as she went to the coat closet under the balcony stairs. He nodded yes. "Then you may's well tear it up," she added crisply. "We don't need it. You wait until your play's finished."

She sat down on the Philip Waters chair (1698, rush seat, ladder back) to tug on the rubber boots over her felt slippers.

"It's only for fifty dollars," he said. "I've paid all my creditors a third on account. Take it while I have it, Liza."

"Didn't know you lumped Luke and me with your creditors," she sniffed. "Mr. Tanner, what you need right now is a woman."

She watched him out of the corner of her eye as she put on the heavy coat. Had to bite her tongue to keep from spilling it right out that his first wife had called her up from New York that morning, just before she'd come over here to clean his house—asking her about the two blanket chests over to Dorcas Nash's who had died last week. But she hadn't fooled Liza. What Miss Alice Merritt'd wanted to talk about was Josh Tanner: how he was getting along; what he was doing; was he still living alone in the guesthouse?—and then making her take Bible oath not to tell Tanner. If I could get them two together again, Liza told herself, I'd die justified.

Tanner was turning the pen in his fingers, staring at it.

"What makes you think so?" he asked, not mad at all.

"Well, you ain't wrote a play that's been acted since your wife left you and you married that Lowell woman."

Tanner tore the check out of the checkbook, got up, came toward her. She ignored the green paper in his hand.

"So you want to marry me off," he tried to jolly her. "What's that about the burnt child?" His laugh was not so mirthful.

"You're stale as a stalled ox," she said. "Need a new interest to your life, instead of livin' here like a hermit and tryin' to write funny pieces with one hand and cook with the other. Git yourself a good woman, and stick to her."

She had always spoken her mind, but she had never dared before to talk to Mr. Tanner about his woman trouble.

Tanner grinned. "If I could find one with your Yankee sense—"

"Shuh!" she said. "Don't know's I have any call to say it. But what you need, Mr. Tanner, is a little dose of success, and a woman to keep you at it."

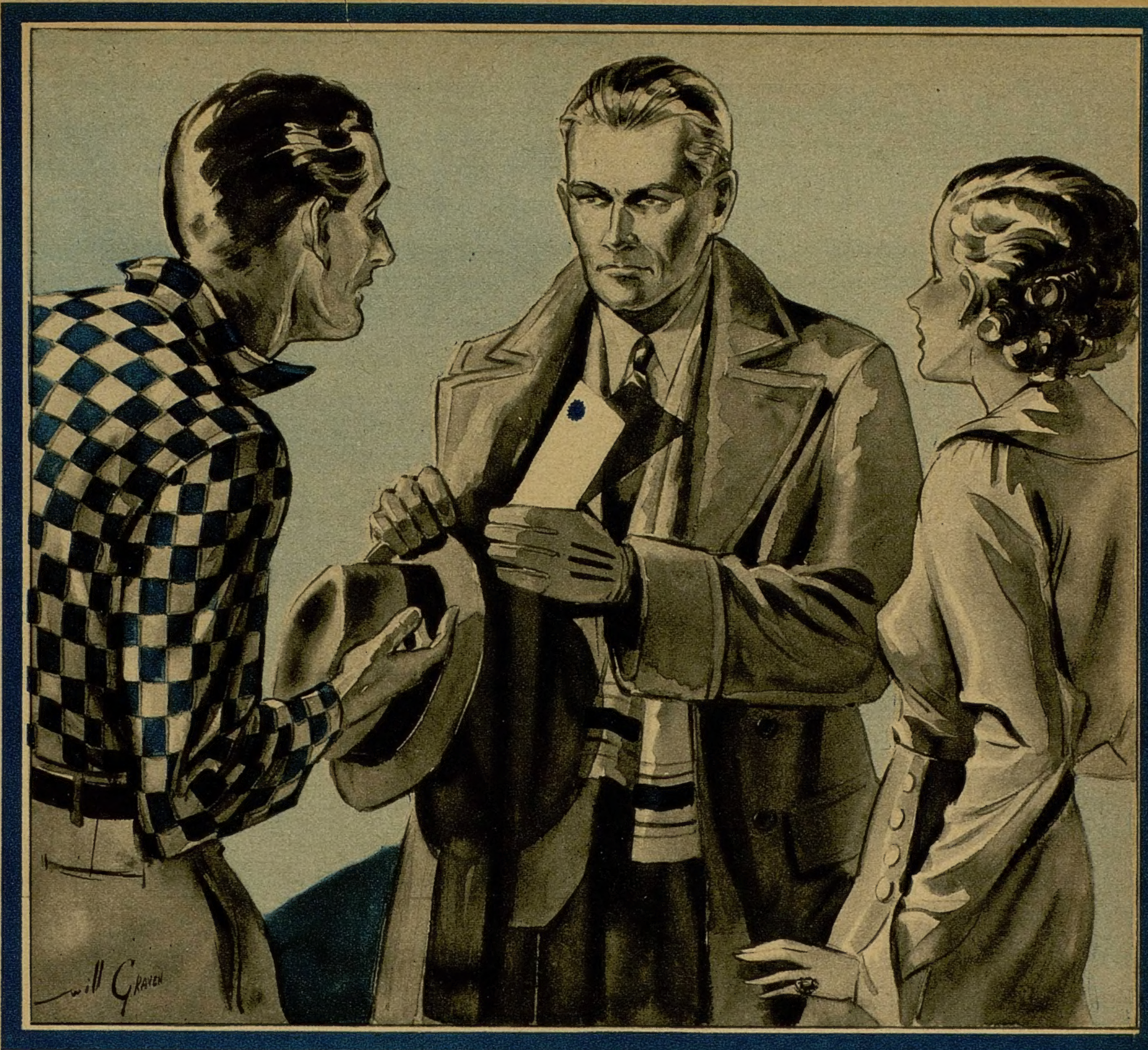
"A good cook and housekeeper with the temper of an angel?"

Liza was winding the long knitted muffler around her lean neck. "You want a woman with some bottom to her, that'll last. Stick to the old gray mare, Luke says, if you want to git there; like's not a young horse'll throw you."

Maybe Liza suspected something about little Becky Quinn, who was seventeen and wore shorts.

"But where will I get a wife like that, Liza?" he fenced.

"You had one," she said curtly. "Now I've said enough. Luke says in the old days they'd 'a' ducked me in the horse pond for scoldin'." She started for the entry door, still ignoring the check. "There ain't any of these women studded with diamonds when you git right down to it, but you're old enough to tell which one's gold and which is brass." She was talking, they both knew, about



"IT'S A WARRANT," HE SAID IN A VOICE THAT SEEMED TO COME FROM THE GRAVE. "SORRY, MR. TANNER."

by LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL GRAVEN

his second wife, who had divorced him, by agreement, two years ago. The Canterburys had never set foot on the place in the two summers Daisy had lived here.

A car horn hooted startlingly near in the still snowy evening.

Tanner hurried into the study, peered out the west window, snapped off the daylight lamp on his worktable.

"Somebody's coming," he called back. "Will you head them off, Liza? Say I'm not at home. I don't want to see any one now. As soon as they're gone I'll take you home in the car; it's snowing even harder."

"I'd ruther walk," she demurred. "I don't get out enough since Luke's been laid up." With her hand on the doorknob, she turned. "Now, Mr. Tanner, the roast's near done and turned off, and the oven clock's set for forty minutes; the potatoes and carrots are in. You turn on the oven and go for a walk, and then you eat your supper while it's hot. I'll be here Friday noon, and if you get through and go to New York with your play, you put your papers away so I can clean that study. Good luck to you—and don't try to write no more tonight, will you?"

She was gone, without taking the check—and people talked about grasping Yankees! He owed the Canterburys a hundred and sixty dollars and hadn't paid them a cent in seven months. Ever since hard times had come upon him and Daisy had left him, Liza had cleaned his house twice a week, supplied him with fresh eggs and chickens and many delicacies besides that didn't appear on the little account book in the kitchen. Crippled by arthritis, Luke had power-sawed and delivered two cords of wood for the fireplace only a fortnight ago, predicting that the cold winter was going to last. Whenever he needed help, there the Canterburys were, like two angels carved out of gray Connecticut field stone. And now Liza was lying for him—though she hated lies and liars.

A car was stopping at the front stoop; he heard one of its doors slam. Some one was in the entry, rapping with the knocker! Had Liza failed him?

He tiptoed into the living room, halted at the front

He made for the divan before the fireplace. Miss Alice Merritt was protesting: "Put me down!"

door, resisting an impulse to unlock it, find out. And then a woman called out: "Josh! It's me." And, to confirm it, whistled their old signal, the Valkyries' call.

He wrenched open the door so violently that he had picked her up bodily before she could step back. He said, in a gasp that was almost a groan: "Oh, my God, no!"

She was slipping down and out of the fur coat; the scent of *ambre antique,* her perfume, was faint in his nostrils; some kind of metal ornament on her hat was gouging his cheek as she slid out of his grasp. He dropped her, bent over, got his right forearm under the silken knees, heaved her high, and made for the divan before the fireplace, kicking the door to behind him.

Miss Alice Merritt was protesting: "Josh! Put me down!"

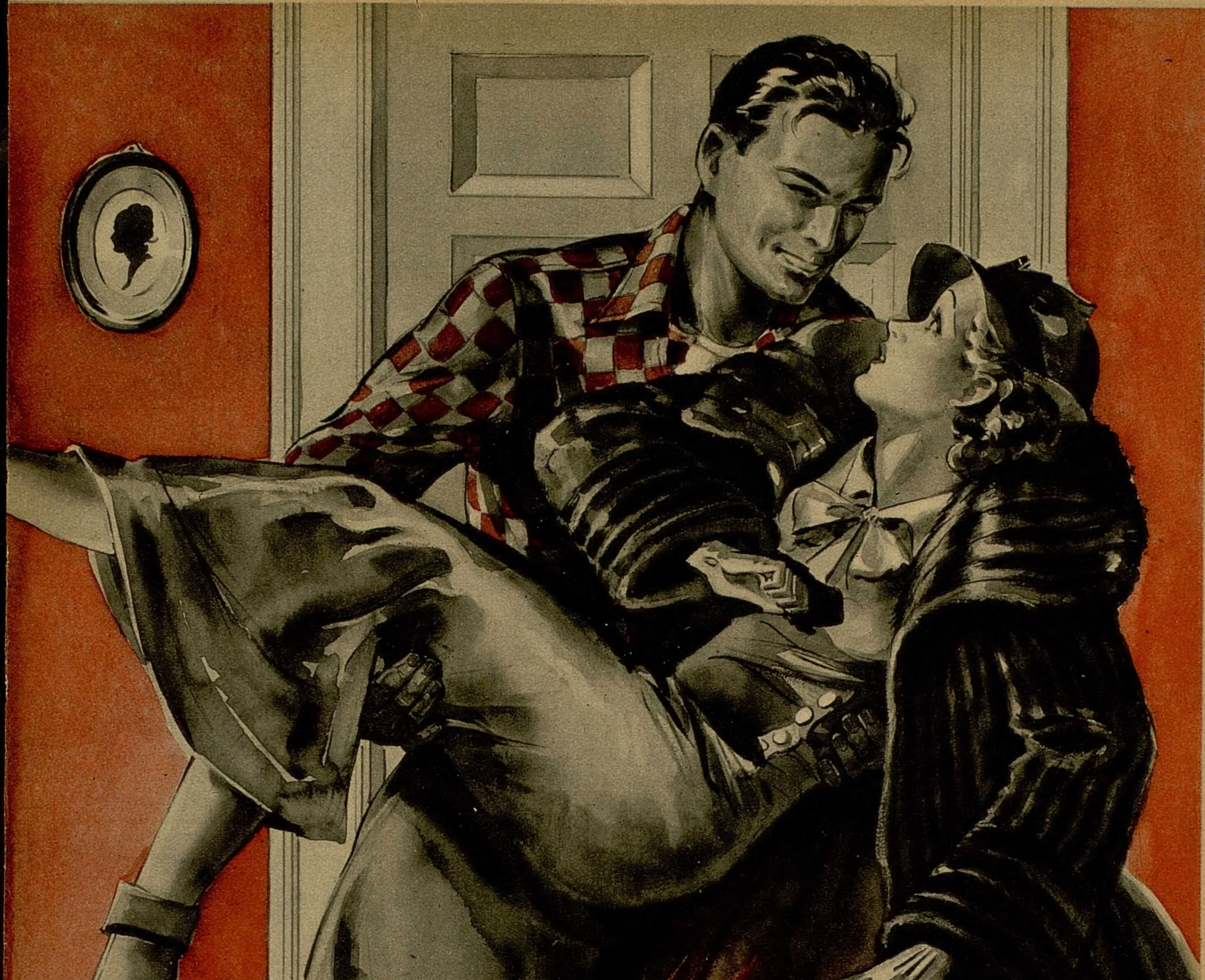
He put her down on the divan, dropped to his knees, gathered the little bale of mink fur against him with the strength of a long hunger. For a moment her lips clung to his, before she remembered to push a befurred forearm between them. They fought, then, grimly. Surely this was not the prescribed etiquette for the meeting of two civilized persons who had been divorced four years, seen each other only across theater lobbies at Broadway first nights three or four times, to bow politely, look away quickly. When she hit him under the chin with the heel of one gloved hand and made him bite his tongue, he came to his senses. Pinioning her wrists, he sat back on his heels, blinking at her small face, crimson with anger.

"If I put ideas into your head," she snapped, exhaled sharply, "I'm sorry I kissed you. Now sit down in that chair and behave. I came here on business, Josh, and I will not be manhandled."

He obeyed without apology. He wasn't sorry; he was afire.

"I don't care why you came," he countered, "but I was never so glad to see any one. I'd almost been praying for you. You're the one person in the world I need!"

The hazel eyes twinkled; her lips twitched. "Well, if that's what you need me for, I'm leaving right now. I'm nobody's consolation prize. I came up here"—she hesitated—"to borrow money, Josh. Now are you glad to see me?"



He had got to his feet, frowning. " How much do you need? "

" Six hundred dollars. It's for the back rent on my shop. It's either pay or the sheriff's big wagon takes my stock of frozen antiques. You don't know any one who wants to buy a dead decorating business, do you? Cheap? "

He stared down at her, comically concerned.

" Alice," he said, " I haven't six hundred dollars. But I have a hundred and sixty-three in the bank still. Would that help? I don't need it."

She was sitting up, pulling her skirt and coat over her knees. " I don't know where I'd get the rest," she said, shrugging. " Forget it, Josh. It's all right. I wouldn't have come, but I saw in the Sunday Times that you had sold a play to Arthur Layton, and I thought— Never mind, darling. Aren't you going to offer me a cup of tea or something? "

" You're going to stay for dinner," he said, grimly earnest. " I want to talk business, too. I did sell a play to Arthur. But it isn't his money; he's been broke for two years. He had an angel—a Broadway lawyer named Walter J. Wimpfheimer—who wanted to back a play of mine. He gave Arthur a thousand dollars—not five thousand, but one—to advance me—really to keep the creditors out of my hair while I wrote. Arthur came up here early in January. He read a couple of plays I wrote since—since you went to Reno. He said they were sour and I didn't show them to any one else."

" You're getting me all mixed up," she protested. " Did he read two plays here last month, or when? "

" No, last season and the year before. I—that's all

I've done since you walked out of the picture. Anyway, he liked the two acts of a comedy that I did last summer, and he said hurry up and finish it. So I did, in two weeks. Wimpfheimer read the two acts, meanwhile, and came through with the thousand. I paid it all out to my creditors—most of them have been pretty swell about carrying me for the past year. And then—" His lips tightened. "Wimpfheimer didn't like the third act, his wife didn't like it, even Arthur didn't like it. When I got it back to rewrite, *I* didn't like it. But I can't fix it, Alice. I've been at it ten days, eight and ten hours a day, all night some nights. They want the old Tanner formula: the wife must get the husband back. As I wrote it, he went away with the girl at the end of the first act, and at the end of the third he walked out on the girl, but he didn't go back to his wife, either. He was washed up with women."

"Could I read the play, Josh?"

His face fairly shone. "That's what I want you to do! Read it and fix it. You always know how. I'll pay off your taxi." He started toward the door, around the divan, before she could object.

"The last train is at ten fifty," she said. "Will you ask him to come back for me?"

"I'll drive you to the train," he said, and went on out before she could reconsider. By traintime she'd be so interested in the play, he hoped, that she'd stay on; there were two bedrooms upstairs. This, he told himself, exulting, was a miracle.

When he had brushed the snow off his moccasins with the broom in the porch and come in, Alice had taken off the mink coat, her hat and gloves, and had lighted the log fire that Liza had laid. She was standing before it, smoking, looking around the small house. The firelight came through her red-gold hair like a stained-glass window angel's.

"'Somebody,' said the littlest bear, 'has been playing hell in my house,'" she remarked in her contralto drawl.

TANNER was going on into the study; he came out with both hands filled with manuscript before he answered:

"I turned it into a guesthouse the first summer Daisy—ah—you see, her mother decided to spend the summer with us, and the older sister had left her husband, and she had the damnedest brat of a little girl—"

"So you cut up my studio in self-defense," Alice finished for him. "What are the doors upstairs—bedrooms?"

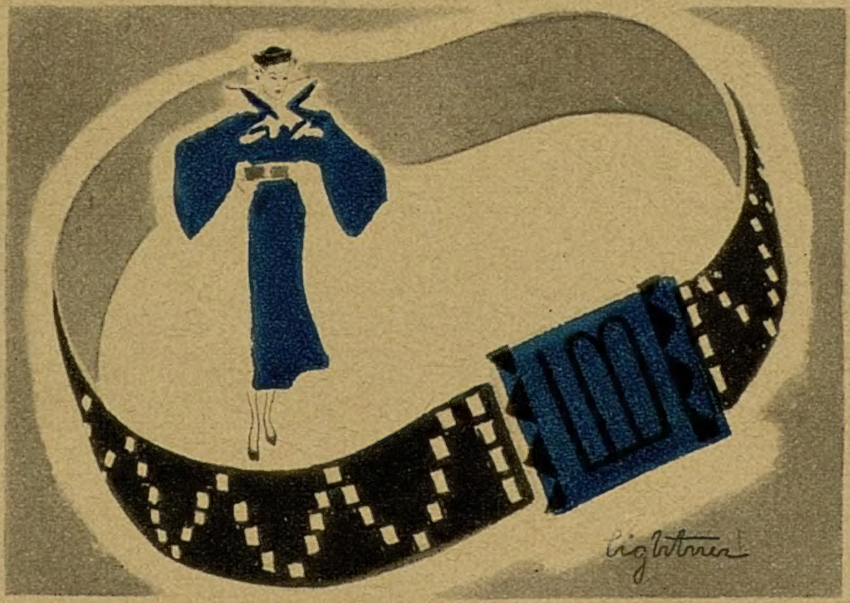
"And bath between," said Josh. "Here's the first carbon of the piece." He handed her a bound script. "And this," he added grimly, "represents ten days' work trying to rewrite the third act—including the second-act curtain." He handed over a sheaf of yellow paper. "It's about the fourth complete version," he added. "I'm sorry I had to spoil your studio, Alice, but after—after Daisy's divorce, with that alimony to pay, it saved my life; I could rent the big house and live here."

Miss Merritt blew a smoke ring, huge and perfect; watched it swirl across the room.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Paris interest in accessories centers in the new belts, which come in all shapes and colors and in a variety to suit all tastes and budgets. If you like leather, it is offered in patent finish, nailheaded, painted, gilded, carved, or incrusted with stones or tiny mirrors. Huge ornamental rings on belts recall the adornments of winekeepers or lord mayors. The buckles are sometimes ornamented with leaves or flowers, but many prefer horses' heads, birds, snails, or monograms—the last an aid to the flirtatious. Other buckles sport cigarette cases on one side and vanity cases on the other, attracting attention to a slender waistline.

DORAMILLER.



"See Emerson's Essay on Compensation," she said without smiling. "Are you still having to pay that—that lady I seen you with last—five hundred dollars a month?"

"Three hundred," Tanner corrected curtly. "The court cut it down when I showed that my income for the past two years hadn't been six thousand a year, or anything approaching it."

"That ought to buy a lot of silk stockings and beauty-parlor magic, even at thirty-six hundred a year," Alice remarked, and blew another smoke ring to show how little it disturbed her.

Tanner shook his head negatively. "I don't know what she does with it," he said, "but she doesn't spend it in beauty parlors. Her beauty may have been the only natural thing about Daisy, but she—"

"SHALL we spend the evening talking about your second wife's lovely skin and wavy blonde hair?" Alice suggested smoothly. "And will you leave me alone with this work of art for at least an hour? You know how I hate to read your stuff with you watching me, Josh. And—is there a sandwich in the house, and some tea perhaps?"

"There's about half a bottle of apple brandy left, I think. I haven't touched it in a couple of months. I'll see."

"I don't drink while I'm working; you should remember that. Tea, please; and I take two lumps, and no cream or lemon. Just put the kettle on, Josh, and then—why don't you go for a walk? When I finish reading this I'll cook dinner and be thinking—"

He interrupted to tell her that dinner would be cooked merely by switching on the oven. Fine, she said; never mind the tea. He put on his boots, a sheepskin-lined hunting coat, and a cap with eartabs, after turning on the electric oven. Miss Merritt, lying on the divan with the play script propped against her tweed-skirted knees, said without looking up:

"Be back in an hour; I'm hungry. This moves awfully fast. So far, I think it's splendid."

"Thanks," said Tanner glumly. "Wait until you read that third act." He turned with his hand on the doorknob. "If you think you can salvage it, you're cut in for fifty per cent, standard Authors' League contract."

"You're too generous," said Miss Merritt. "Thirty per cent if I fix the third act, at most. But let's talk about that later."

He shut the entry door with unnecessary vigor, the storm door more gently. She hadn't been in the house half an hour, and she was already back in her habit of treating him like a naughty child who amused her while he irritated her. Too bad that a girl as sweet as Alice had been should turn acid before she was thirty. Needed a man to take it out on, perhaps. The only men he'd seen her with in the past four years were staid oldish gentlemen—clients, probably—or youngish exquisites of the type that consort with interior decorators—parasitic arty lads. Neither kind would do a vital woman like Alice any good.

Odd she hadn't remarried; must have had plenty of chances. Had he hurt her that much? The old sense of injury came back. He had been living in a private purgatory of his own making for nearly five years now, but Alice had consigned him to it. She must have foreseen that Daisy Lowell would palsy any writer's hand. Daisy had fooled Arthur Layton into thinking she had a future in the theater; he had let her understudy the ingénue in Tanner's last hit, in the season of '29-'30, and she had beguiled Tanner into confusing her with the sweet simple Puritan type she had played. Even Layton had admitted, last month, that it was no wonder he'd gone bitter on women, couldn't create a sympathetic heroine or even write he-and-she young-love romances for the magazines, which was all the editors wanted from the once reliable Joshua Tanner. Young love! He threw back his head and laughed into the teeth of the storm.

He turned east along the town road, to tramp a quarter of a mile to the State Road, north half a mile on it to the Canterburys', turn west up their lane and back lots, up the hill to his own upper wood lot, a rough rectangular course of about a mile and a half.

LAYTON had told him bluntly that he needed Alice. Five plays in five years after he had met her when he was only a year out of Professor Baker's dramatic workshop, all of them successful, the last three of them hits. And then Daisy, divorce, and disaster; four years of bad luck. Alice was his lucky number; his confidence had returned in a rush the moment she had walked into the house. Grabbing her had put her on the defensive. She'd probably refuse to stay on until the play was finished. But she needed the money—and of course she could sleep at the Canterburys' if she had to be a prig about it.

Alice had always been so oddly old-fashioned, for an artist; but then, her family was starchy as hell. The whole family must be hard hit, if Alice had to come to him to borrow six hundred dollars—though probably her pride wouldn't let her appeal to her kin when she wouldn't live with them. She had refused alimony when he could have paid it handsomely, back in January, 1930, when she had gone to Reno, and even in June, when her divorce had been granted, he had been flush.

Daisy hadn't lost any time marrying him and starting her campaign to put his money into circulation. She had fought the depression single-handed, with a checkbook and a fountain pen, for two years. (Pretty good line—remember it.) Ought to stop and buzz with Luke a few minutes; his knee was giving him hell. But that would mean answering questions about Alice. Funny that Liza had just been talking about her when Alice drove down the hill. Was it possible that Liza had known that

"Look, John, here's one from Betty and George"
When the holidays bring happy memories
...TELEPHONE

TELEPHONING is next best to *seeing* far-away friends and relatives. Your call carries homely bits of news, reminiscence, and *personalities* back and forth across the miles. It is a warm and welcome gift to all who share it.

But the Holidays come so seldom. Keep friendships alive the rest of the year with frequent telephone visits. The cost is probably much less than you realize. After 7 P. M. you can talk to most points 75 miles away for about 35c; 150 miles for 50c. (3-minute, station-to-station rates.)

she was coming? She might have telephoned the Canterburys to make sure he was at home.

Pretty good detective, Tanner, as far as his deduction went. But had he been eavesdropping upon Miss Alice Merritt at the very moment he was thinking this out, he would have been surprised, chagrined, and even outraged.

As soon as Mr. Tanner, the hermit of High Hollow, had closed the front door, the redheaded spitfire, sitting cross-legged on the divan like a tiny Turk, had laid down the bound script of his original play and picked up the yellow sheets of his attempt at a new second-act curtain and third act. For about thirty minutes she read, making occasional brief notes. During most of this time she was frowning. Toward the end of the act her small face softened and an observer, had there been one, might have concluded that Miss Merritt was about to weep. When she laid down the last page she sat for a long minute staring into the fire through hazel eyes that were glistening.

"The poor devil!" she said to the fire that was flickering as though with concealed amusement at the moods of humans. "I wish I had that—" Her small fists clenched as though they were at the throat of, perhaps, the delectable Daisy Lowell. The fire, philosophically, spat out a live ember on to the hearthrug. Miss Merritt rose, kicked it into the ashes. She threw a fresh log on to the andirons; marched into the study, picking up her purse in passing. The study was too cold. She came back for her coat, spied the thermostat on the wall between the kitchen door and the archway into the study, pushed it up ten degrees. Josh must be saving oil, she thought, keeping the house at 65°.

In the study again, she sat on the littered worktable, picked the one-hand telephone off its cradle, dialed Operator. No answer—not even a dial buzz. She waggled the connection bar patiently. The telephone was dead. Damn!

SECOND thought: Josh had always had his study telephone equipped with a switch, so that he could work without interruption. He still had, in this doll house he had made out of her studio—the studio he had built for her when she was the center of his universe, six, nearly seven years ago, and still thought she was a painter. . . . Still! What a defeated word! Only the dead were still for very long. I still get a kick out of being kissed by Josh Tanner, out of being carried over the threshold like a bride, as he carried me into that funny little apartment south of Washington Square the afternoon we decided to see what it would be like to be married. . . .

The switch closed, the dial tone humming; her finger circled automatically; the operator answered. . . .

Josh trudged up the Canterburys' lane and was passing within a few rods of the cheerily lighted kitchen windows, through which, even though they were dim with condemned moisture, he could see Luke and the hired boy eating supper off a red-checked tablecloth while Liza moved back and forth from the wood stove with griddle cakes that made Tanner's mouth water. There, he was thinking, was a pair who had found peace and husbanded their earnings so that they still had plenty; they could afford to ignore the world's present pressing problems. Will you, Mr. Tanner, at sixty, have the same security? In five fabulous years you made two hundred thousand dollars, and where is it now? Forty thousand dollars in your land and houses, mortgage-free and to be mortgaged only over your dead body; a hundred and sixty-three dollars in the bank; owed to creditors, about two thousand dollars; owed to Daisy Lowell, twelve hundred back alimony. And yet, compared to most writers and artists and actors you know, you're lucky. You have a home and you have credit still. You had a wife and couldn't keep her. And now, if you could get her back, you couldn't keep her. She wouldn't come back; she'd laugh in your face.

'Tisn't So by R. E. Doan

RHINOCEROS HIDE is not bulletproof. While being used by the rhino it is quite soft and can be easily pierced by either bullet or knife. It is not until the hide is dried that it becomes exceedingly hard and tough.

CAMOUFLAGING of ships during the war was not to render them invisible. If anything, the striking effects (known as dazzle painting) used in this work made the ships more visible. The real reason for such painting lay in utilization of the principles of optical illusion—to mislead the enemy as to size, contour, speed, and direction of movement of the ship. To properly direct the course of a torpedo, a submarine captain should know the speed, course, and distance of the target. Such painting was to make this more difficult, not to render the ship invisible.

THE MAGNETIC POLES of the earth are not diametrically opposite to each other. A line joining the earth's magnetic poles would pass approximately 750 miles away from the center of the earth.

LETTUCE does not contain opium—despite frequently recurring popular opinion to the contrary.

CATARRH is no known definite disease. No such disease as catarrh is recognized except in a rather loose sense to designate any one of a variety of nasal symptoms from several causes. Sinus diseases are usually meant by such a designation.

MISS MERRITT, about that time, was laughing at Josh behind his back. She and Layton were being very gay over the telephone because Arthur's plot against Josh had worked so well. Alice explained that she'd sent him out for a walk while she had pretended to read the first two acts—which she had already done in New York, it seemed. Now she had to copy her outline before Josh got back; the one she had brought was in type that didn't match that of the typewriter here. Would Josh believe that she had thought up and written out a second-act curtain situation and a complete plot for the third act in that short time? Layton wondered. Alice said she could manage that. If he didn't accept her "suggestions," they'd work out an ending together. She would telephone Arthur tomorrow, when Josh was out of the way, and report progress.

Yes, Josh had been awfully glad to see her, the lamb. Mr. Layton here made a teasing suggestion that annoyed the lady. It wasn't funny, she said; she was going to sleep at the Canterburys', the next neighbors. And if anything happened she could have him, Arthur, indicted under the Mann Act, for sending her up here across a state line. Only it wasn't going to happen. Mr. Layton laughed heartily, and that annoyed Miss Merritt again. She said: "If you saw how worn and frantic he is, you'd be doubly glad you talked me into it—if I can do him any good. But for heaven's sake remember to watch your tongue when you talk to him. If you give me away, I will shoot you personally. Good-by, darling, and never mind the blarney."

She replaced the telephone in its cradle, threw the cutoff switch to silence it again, took from her purse three typewritten sheets, sat down at the typewriter and began copying.

If Josh had been there to spy upon her, he would have been interested and outraged most by what was written, in pencil and in ink, on the bottom of the third page, below the word CURTAIN:

O. K.! Swell! A. L.
Suits me exactly. Good luck. W. J. W.
I don't see how this can fail to click. It will send the

women out laughing and crying and that means box office. I withdraw all my objections to calling you in and apologize if I seemed rude. I am a very plain-spoken woman, Miss Merritt. I know Mr. T. thinks I am a meddler, but try to convince him that I had only his best interests at heart, which are identical with ours. I shall see to it that you get your cut in the rights and royalties and I hope you make a million. MARTHA WIMPFHEIMER.

P. S. and Confidential: I admire that young man for telling me to go to hell.

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS *never shaves while working on a serial, and always wears as few clothes as the law allows. Before becoming addicted to writing fiction, he says he was fired out of job after job, and each time bounced into a better one. He believes that promptness is the thief of time, and loves Mexico.*

The young man Mrs. Wimpfheimer liked, and too many women liked, climbed over the barway behind the Canterbury barn and struck off up the blank expanse of white hill, through ankle-deep snow, toward his fence corner, invisible in the murk. Crossing that stone fence, he turned south along the ridge, skirted the small lake and dam that supplied his houses with spring water, followed his cold nose through the open woods until he emerged into the clearing around the big colonial farmhouse that he now, privately and bitterly, called Alimony Manor—since, by renting it the year round furnished, he was able to pay Daisy Lowell exactly half of her three hundred dollars a month.

Judge Quinn was on a world cruise and Becky in school in Westchester. Mustn't think about Becky; too upset already.

In the shelter of the side porch he struck a match, looked at his watch. He had stayed out eight minutes over the promised hour already. He started at a brisker pace down the hill toward the warm lights of the little house.

Something flashing in the trees down the hill to his right pulled him up to look. The headlights of a car. Well, whoever it was, he couldn't be bothered now.

By the time he reached the garage lean-to that had been built on to the studio, a man had left the car and was walking along the path of the headlights toward the front door. Tanner jerked off a glove, found his key ring, fumbled for the padlock key in the dark, got the garage door open, stepped inside, closed it, struck a match to pick out the key of the kitchen door—which was, worse luck, locked. By the time he had tiptoed into the kitchen and closed the door silently behind him, Alice had already opened the front-entry door and was talking to the man.

"Oh, yes," she was saying cordially. "I remember you. How are you, Orlando? Come in. I'm expecting Mr. Tanner any minute now; he went out for a walk. I'm up here working on a play with him; I was typing in the study; that's why I didn't hear you at first. Did you want to see Mr. Tanner about the milk bill?"

Orlando who? Tanner wondered angrily. Why was she asking him in and telling him all this? Milk bill? He'd paid the dairyman one third on account, just like every one else. He'd make short work of this fellow! He stalked in.

"What is it?" he said curtly.

The big blond fellow with his hat in his hand who had just come in was certainly familiar. Orlando Rowe, the dairyman's son.

"Oh, hello, Rowe," said Tanner, suddenly relieved. "I haven't seen you in a long time. What can I do for you?"

"Howdy, Mr. Tanner," the big fellow stammered. "I've been workin' over to the sheriff's office in Bridgeport."

"So?" said Tanner, grinning. "Anybody suing me?"

"Yessir," said Rowe, and swallowed visibly.

"WHAT?" Tanner snapped it out. "Who? I thought I satisfied all my creditors two weeks ago—I paid everybody *pro rata*. Did I overlook any one?"

"Well," said Rowe, "you paid us. My father sure was glad you made some money—I don't mean so you could pay us, but he said you ought to get a break; it was time. He's always thought very highly of you, Mr. Tanner, and so do I. I don't want you to hold this against me. I'd of got out of serving it if I could, but there wasn't nobody else to send."

"Serving what?" Alice cut in. Orlando was rotating his hat in his big hands.

"It's a warrant," he said in a voice that seemed to come from the grave. "I'm sure sorry, Mr. Tanner."

"You mean an attachment," Tanner corrected.

"No, sir. A warrant." He reached into the inside breast pocket of his overcoat, brought out a paper. "You've got to appear tomorrow morning and show cause why you should not be held in contempt of court—"

He halted, glancing uneasily at Alice, who was staring at him.

Tanner all but snatched the paper from Rowe's hand, scanned it. The one phrase that leaped out at him was "bail in the sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000.00)."

He let his hand holding the paper drop to his side, drew a long breath. Alice was staring at him, now, like a frightened small girl, her lips forming the word "What?"

Now what finger of Destiny is reaching out to muddle up Josh Tanner's affairs just when he thought he saw his difficulties solved? You must read the next issue of Liberty for the surprising turns that were ready to teach that young playwright a thing or two.

GOOD BOOKS — by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **THROUGH MY OPEN DOOR** by Lucia Whitney. Farrar & Rinehart.

This story of courage, of forgetting one's own troubles in helping others, is a beautiful lesson from an invalid. Through Lucia's open door came her friends, to be cheered, for advice, for loving tenderness.

★ ★ ★ **THE WAR MEMOIRS OF ROBERT LANSING.** The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An extraordinary peep behind the scenes of the United States State Department. The late Robert Lansing reveals with startling candor how he persuaded Woodrow Wilson to "make the world safe for democracy." The book shows how hard it is for any President to keep us out of war if his Secretary of State wills otherwise.

★ ★ ★ **SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN** by Carl Christian Jensen. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

If you have a strong stomach and don't mind going nuts with the chief character, read this story of a chain-gang convict who has lost his memory and is trying to find himself. Powerfully written, there is a strong undercurrent of social revolt, but as the style is modern realism combined with mysticism, though there is plenty of meaning under the words, you'll have to dig for it, brother—you'll have to dig.

★ ★ ★ **THE GOLDEN GRINDSTONE** by Angus Graham. J. B. Lippincott Company.

I recommend this book to every one who is interested in the North. It is the only complete and authentic account I have ever seen of the voyage from Edmonton to the Yukon.—*General William E. Mitchell.*

★ ★ ★ **THE GARDEN MURDER CASE** by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Another of this great series by S. S. Van Dine, among the most eminent of detective novel writers. Philo Vance, the most versatile of modern sleuths, solves this mystery against a background of a skyscraper roof garden, race tracks, jockeys, horses, betting, and all the fascinating excitement that goes with playing the ponies.

REJUVENATION 1936

A Natural Way to Postpone Your Old Age—and a Word in Dissent About Primrose Paths to Health

by BERNARR MACFADDEN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THERE appeared in Liberty a few months ago an article on rejuvenation which I, as an exponent of physical culture, resented because of its apparent implication that science has found a way by which a man can live like a fool without paying the piper. You go careening through life as you please, this article seems to say, and then, by means of a shot of hormones from a syringe or a trifling bit of surgery, you can go on to the enjoyment of a vigorous, healthy, comfortable old age which you have not earned by rational, effortful living.

The idea seems to be that we exponents of hard, clean living, of deep breathing, of heavy sweating, of plain eating, and of hard physical effort for a body geared by nature to stay in health by doing hard work, have been deluding ourselves with a needlessly Spartan philosophy. There is, it seems, a primrose path to health, strength, an extended love life, and length of days. Live as sloppily, as loosely, as outrageously as you like; abuse your own live body; let your muscles grow soft while your arteries grow hard; take the easy way—Dr. Steinach will write it off the books.

No, the advocates of rejuvenation don't flatly preach any such something-for-nothing method of short-changing nature as that; they merely omit to refer to it at all, leaving the uninformed reader to infer that the whole matter is as simple as swallowing a pill.

That rejuvenation article attracted widespread attention. The extraordinary flood of letters which followed its publication demonstrated two things: first, that this subject of deferring the breakdown of old age touches people where they live; and, second, that one of the greatest and most needed services that could well be performed for the human race would be to instill into the minds of all the hard and eternal facts by which men and women must live if they want to live long and in full possession of their faculties to the end.

I do not consider that the medical and surgical methods of rejuvenation set forth in that article do anything of the kind. The article purported to offer ways to duck the consequences of heedless living by a resort to medical magic. Unfortunately, when it comes to making a choice between, on the one hand, the long, hard, narrow road on which clean-bodied, hard-muscled, clean-living people buy their health with the coin of effort—and, on the other, beating the game, there is little doubt which the average man will choose, provided he is told he can get away with it.

For consider how simple it is. He takes a hypodermic injection of hormones; he lies on a table and submits passively to light or heat or "rays" long or short; he lies on another table and undergoes a slight bit of surgery; and then he goes his way, a smooth and easy way that is bought and paid for by little more effort than the writing of a check.

Far different is the physical-culture way of life to which, for the last forty years more or less, I have been trying to educate the public mind. This way means operating on yourself every day of your life instead of submitting to a surgeon's knife once in five years. The right way to put the natural forces of the body in motion and to keep them going strong is to get into motion yourself. And any therapy that ignores or minimizes that fact is hokum.

Vigorous use of the body automatically sets in motion a whole chain of conserving and healing forces that can be tapped by no other means. You breathe deep because you have made a physical effort that creates a demand for oxygen. To meet that demand there comes a tremendous speeding up of the circulation and a corresponding increase in the rate at which oxygen is consumed. There is a fast turnover, a swift utilization of the energy-producing and tissue-building elements of food, a rapid elimination of waste products from the cells, a general cleansing of the tissues.

In short, all the vital functions are spurred into working with a thoroughness and efficiency not otherwise possible. And this has very specific effects on the endocrine glands. Those glands get more blood, they function more strongly, they are reactivated—or, if you prefer, they are rejuvenated.

Among the glands more directly affected are the gonads—the sex glands. Those glands produce not only the reproductive cells but also the much discussed sex hormones which are so important to health and vigor, and lack of which results in a swift decline into old age.

People who live vigorously and who take care of themselves usually experience no letdown in the activity of the gonads. For those who experience a letdown, the way out is plain. The natural and the most effective and permanent way to reactivate those failing glands is by physical-culture living—exercise, correct eating, sunlight, baths, skin-conditioning, and a right control of the mind. There are certain internal exercises that can be taken that are helpful, but usually they are not required, and almost any well informed doctor or physical-culture practitioner can describe them.

But for physical-culture living there is no substitute. And I, for one, am moved to protest vigorously against any method of dealing either with disease or with the onset of old age which fails adequately to emphasize that truth. I have no quarrel with the theory that if the sex hormone can be supplied to persons who lack it their general condition will probably undergo a profound improvement. What I object to is the ignoring of the fact when the hormone is supplied artificially, the improvement, if any, will be temporary at best.

When the whole body is reactivated by right living, *all* the glands tend to swing toward normal. This is particularly true of people who have not waited too long. Under such conditions the glands get the blood and the natural stimulation they need. But if such conditions be not established, no *lasting* results can be hoped for from any method of artificial stimulation whatever.

Indeed, according to the advocates of artificial reactivation themselves, their treatment fails in about twenty or twenty-five per cent of cases, and in many others is only partly successful. At the most the beneficial effects last only four or five years, after which further treatment is necessary because the clock has begun to run down again. But why does it run down? Would it if the man's comeback had been due to the vigorous practice of right

Enjoying life and a good joke at Dansville. Left to right: Daniel Frohman, Dr. Thomas Darlington, Bernarr Macfadden, Thomas Dixon.

living? There is a wide difference between daily natural reactivation and the kind you take once in five years. Any one who forgets that is living in a fool's paradise.

Physiological old age consists in the accumulation of insoluble waste products in the cells of the body. It is a condition that affects not merely the muscles and the vital organs, but also the brain and the nerves—so that the man becomes old mentally and physically. His arteries become brittle pipestems. No part of the body is adequately nourished. The man moves and thinks slowly. He has no pep. Sex fades out of his life. He is old.

That condition comes upon some persons by the time they are forty. It may not come on others till they are very old in years; and even then, the mind remains keen and active, holding to the last the fort where the real man lives. Who has not seen such instances of high persistent vitality—and of such beautiful growing old?

ALL sorts of mistakes in living can bring on senility prematurely. To some extent it seems to be a matter of inherited tendency. But certainly most of us could put it off for a long, long time if we used our bodies as they were intended to be used.

We don't know how far beyond the century mark that might carry us. We haven't tried it.

A common cause of senility is the failure of the gonads to produce enough of the sex hormone. When the hormone is lacking, the blood vessels become constricted. The circulation is obstructed; high blood pressure develops; residues collect in the cells; joints become stiff; sight becomes dim from the collection of opaque substances in the lens of the eye. But if the hormone-producing function of the gonads be effectively revived by right living before this process has gone too far, the blood vessels relax, the accumulated residues are swept away, the person becomes active. That in turn further stimulates a better blood flow to the muscles and the vital organs—and presently the man feels ten years younger. Physiologically he may be.

Throughout my career as an advocate of the physical-culture philosophy I have kept my eye on this question of old age. Always I have asked myself, could a man function completely even to the end, and then, when his time came, go out of this life quickly and painlessly, without enduring the slow torture of growing old?

I have found my answer in the scores of examples I have seen of men and women who, by strictly natural, physical-culture methods, have swung back and become young when they had been old. And by that I mean, of course, young at their own age level. With many of them even a few months of physical-culture living has sufficed to undo the effects even of years of abuse of their bodies.

This is no mere theory. Time and again I have seen it happen. They come to the Physical Culture Hotel at Dansville, for instance, just about at the end of their course. And I never cease to marvel at the recuperative power of the human body when it is given a chance. When they achieve tissue cleanness they find themselves again —unless the individual has let matters go so long that he is incapable of an unaided comeback. Now and then that does happen, of course. But when it does, physical-culture methods are, in my judgment, far superior still to any other.

ONE of the most spectacular cases of comeback from premature aging that I have ever seen is that of my friend Dr. Robert Jackson of Toronto, Canada. At fifty Dr. Jackson was a wreck; at seventy-six he is in far better condition than most men in their forties. It is his well-founded boast today that he can do anything a well conditioned man in his twenties can do, and do it better. He says he expects to keep going full steam ahead till he is 120 years old—and to retain all his natural powers while he is doing it. And I for one should not be surprised if he did.

Certainly he has slowed down the natural aging of his body as completely as it seems possible. And the point is that he has done and is doing this by strictly physical-culture means.

And yet when he was fifty even the great Osler had told him he was doomed. Nor did any of the usual resources of medicine avail him in the least—though he was himself a skilled physician.

My files contain scores of letters from persons who have undergone experiences similar to Dr. Jackson's—though not so spectacularly complete. Among my guests in Dansville have been many men in their sixties and seventies whose condition, merely as a result of right living, is that of their prime. I have in mind, among others, such nationally known figures as Daniel Frohman, Dr. Thomas Darlington (Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall), and Thomas Dixon, author of The Clansman, the famous novel on which The Birth of a Nation was based.

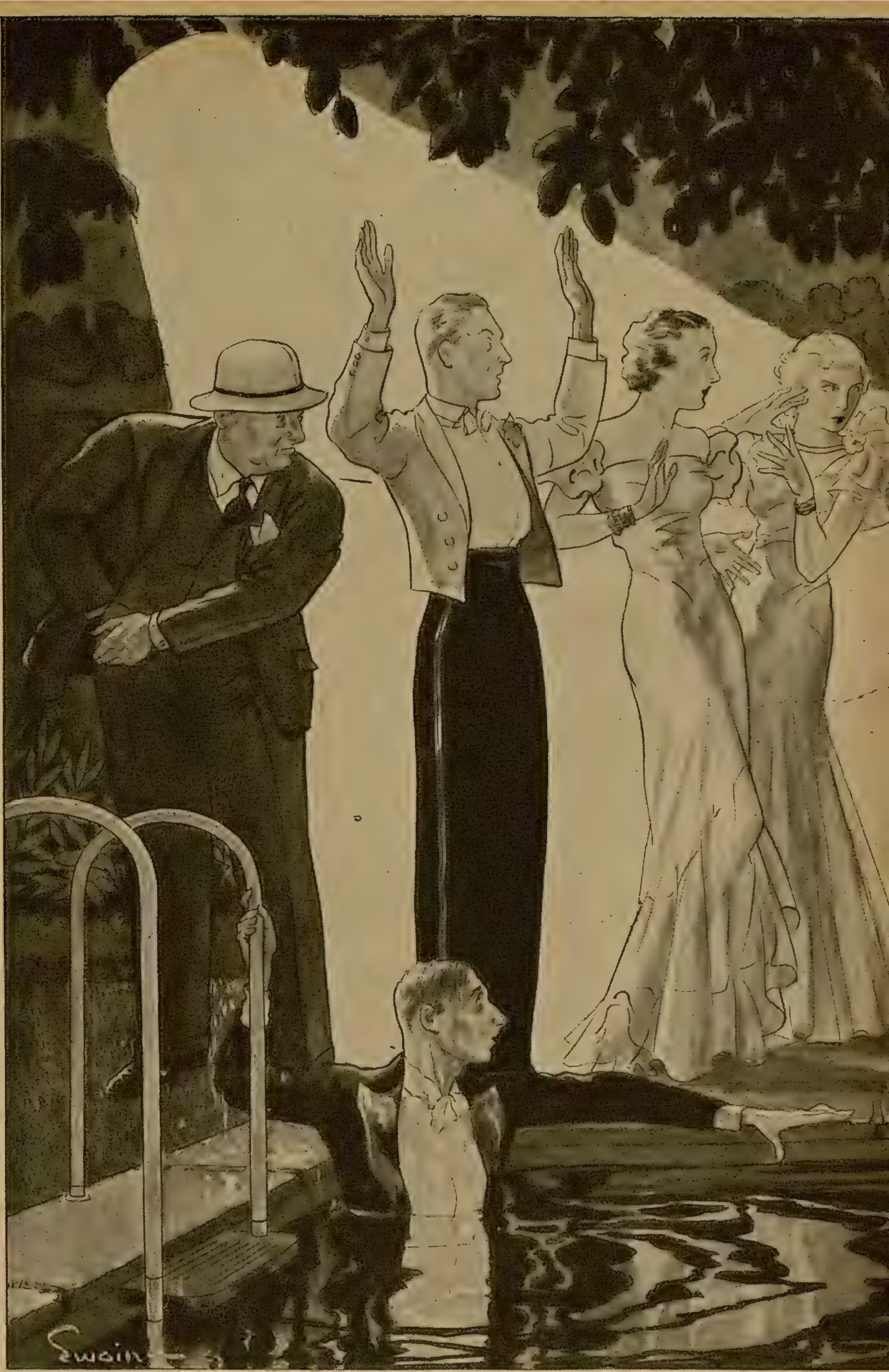
There would be no point in multiplying instances. What I want to emphasize is that there are so many of them that I don't have to be worried about the argument that one swallow doesn't make a summer. Men and women begin these methods often when they are about to hobble into the grave, and they become physiologically young once more. And nature has done the rejuvenating.

All nature asks as her fee is a little effort in this business of living. Under the conditions of modern civilized living, I admit, that effort does not always come easily.

Just the same, that's the price. And the natural brand of rejuvenation you get out of it is far superior to any artificial substitute. What's more, the flavor lasts.

THE END

ILLUSTRATION BY
FRANK SWAIN



A deep voice called: "I've got you covered. Sorry, but you'll have to put your hands up."

READING TIME
28 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

FRAN RHINESTURM'S cousin Gloria shifted lazily in her lawn chair and said: " You know, Fran, I didn't think you had it in you. The estate never looked better."

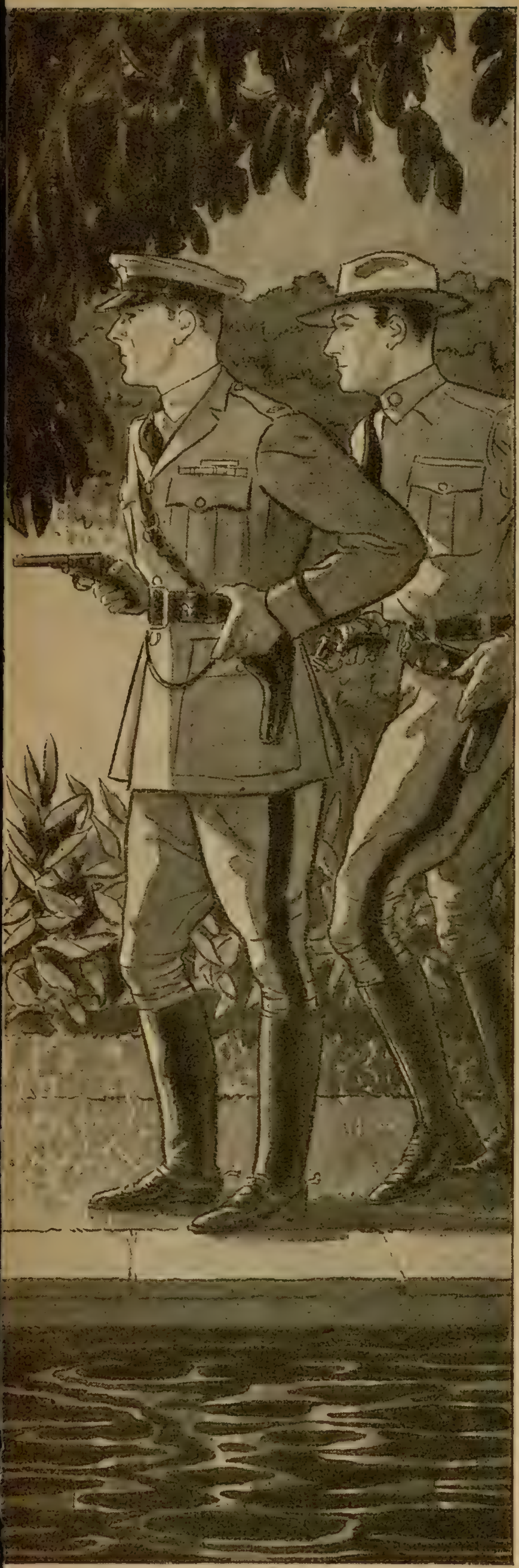
" Just a farmer at heart," Fran said gloomily. " Just one with the flowers and the cows. Just a simple son of nature. Yah! " His voice was bitter. " I wish dad would come back from Europe and take his lawns back again."

" Why, Fran! " Gloria mocked him. " After you spent all winter persuading Uncle Bill to let you run the place for a summer? Don't tell me being an executive interferes with your tennis."

" It interferes," Fran Rhinesturm said, " with my tennis, my swimming, my bridge, my—well, it interferes. Yah! " he said again. " I make a date with Braddie to spend the morning in the pool. And what happens? Worms crop up on the croquet lawn, and MacTavish wants me to come and see them before he'll buy any arsenate. I beg Braddie to play eighteen holes with me, and at the first tee the cook sends a delegate to inform me that there isn't a bunch of good broccoli on the place, and please, Mr. Francis, will I come and make out a new menu? When I want to take her riding, the kennelman has to see me at once, and when I want to take her to see the dogs, the head groom needs me at the stable to discuss some particularly loathsome affliction of the horses. When—"

" Does Braddie seem to mind? " Gloria asked.

" That's the trouble," Fran complained. " She doesn't!



Havoc ON THE HUDSON

by RICHARD WORMSER

A Riotous Tale of the Sorrows of Sleuthing, the Curious Capers of Love, and a Dangerous Combination—Brains and a Beautiful Blonde

She just says it's all right—Pill will be glad to go with her. I didn't invite her up here to have him beat my time! I wanted to propose to her myself. I started to the other morning, and up pops MacTavish with a rose crisis!"

"A what?"

"A crisis among the roses. It was too hot or too cold or something for them. So off she went with Pill. Mr. Pell Dunderson, Jr.!"

"I like Pill."

"So do I. That's the hell of it. So does everybody. So will Braddie if I— Here she comes now."

"Attended," Gloria said, "by Pill and her pachyderm. Wherever did you hire Mr. Cameron? He hulks."

"I read about him in the papers," Fran said. "I remembered his name because his office is right across the hall from dad's lawyer. So when the detective Braddie's trustees had protecting her got ptomaine, I wired him to come up here. He's supposed to be a very good detective."

"Nevertheless," Gloria said, "he hulks. Go talk to your love. I'm going to take a nap."

She watched her young cousin go across the lawn. She did not entirely approve of his marrying Braddie Crane. To Bradford Crane the Rhinesturms were practically paupers. You could count their millions on your fingers. But if Fran wanted her he'd probably get her. He was a swell kid, Fran.

Halfway to Braddie's side, Fran was stopped by the big figure of Mr. Cameron, Braddie's bodyguard. Gloria smiled. Mr. Cameron was talking rapidly into Fran's ear. Another interruption! Braddie and Pill Dunderson waited a moment and then moved away.

All of a sudden Fran started to talk to the detective—to talk fast. There was a certain desperate look in his eyes that his older cousin had known well for twenty years. Something was going to happen, and happen fast. You could push Fran Rhinesturm just so far.

When Fran got through talking, Pill and Braddie were small figures still going away. Mr. Cameron went after them, almost running. Fran watched them go, then slowly walked back to his cousin.

"What was that?" Gloria asked.

Fran shrugged but he looked happy. "Oh, Cameron wanted to know if he could have the afternoon off. He has a favorite niece who's visiting some place around here, and he wanted to go to the station and see her."

"Yes?"

"I told him I'd meet her at Hyde Park and bring her up here. She can stay for dinner and talk to him after."

"Why?" Gloria asked. "He could have had the afternoon off. You and I could stay with Braddie and see she wasn't kidnaped."

"I had my reasons," Fran said grimly. But he wouldn't explain. . . .

A young lady sat in a Pullman chair. You wouldn't have believed that she was the niece of Camera-Eye Cameron the detective. Because she did not have his bulk, but only just enough to stick out in the right places; and she did not have his sadly spaniel-like eyes, but very bright blue ones; and she did not have his polished dome, but a head of very fancy, albeit natural, blonde hair.

Despite all this, she sat there and worried about (*a*) this and (*b*) that. "This" was what her father was going to say, and "that" was Uncle Stanley. Because her father was going to tell her that she had to stop working in Uncle Stanley's office, and Uncle Stanley—well, she knew that Uncle Stanley wouldn't say anything, but he couldn't get along without her. Poor Uncle Stanley! After all these years in the detective business, to have a little success and then lose it!

Because Judy, who was not conceited, knew that Uncle Stanley without her would not have solved the only two cases the Cameron Detective Agency had solved. And if her father forbade her to help uncle any more, Stanley was sunk. Not for nothing was he called Camera-Eye Cameron. Not for nothing, but for an alderman whom Uncle Stanley had arrested, explaining later that he knew he had seen that face before.

Poor Uncle Stanley, who sat around his one-man office all day and read seed catalogues!

The conductor came up and told her that this was Hyde Park, and the porter took her bags. She rewarded the conductor with a smile and the porter with a coin, and the train stopped.

She was the only passenger for the station. The porter put her bags on the platform, the conductor got aboard again, the brakeman and the Pullman conductor took one last look at her and climbed the moving platforms—and where was Uncle Stanley? There was no one on the platform but a very young man in a blue pull-over sweater and gray flannels.

Maybe uncle couldn't get away. Oh, maybe he was in trouble again. She shouldn't have let him come alone!

The young man came up and said: "You—you're not Miss Cameron?"

"Yes, I am. Oh, Uncle Stanley's all right, isn't he?"

The young man looked a little drunk, though there was no liquor on his breath. "He's all right. He—I—he didn't think he ought to leave Miss Crane, so I offered to come down and drive you up. You're really his niece?"

"Of course."

"But—but you don't look like him."

"You don't like my Uncle Stanley's looks?" Just because he was rich was no reason why he should be contemptuous of Uncle Stanley—Camera-Eye or no Camera-Eye.

"They're all right for him; but you—you—"

She said: "I have to catch another train in two hours. I'd like to see my uncle, please."

"Of course," the boy said. "Sure. I mean—come on. I'm Fran Rhinesturm."

HE grabbed up her bags and marched for a very expensive roadster. She followed along. Mr. Rhinesturm would be rather nice if he didn't act so silly.

But as he got in the car, that same light showed in Fran Rhinesturm's eyes that his cousin had noticed. Only Judy didn't know what it meant. Fran said: "Look. I mean, you work for your uncle, don't you?"

"Yes. Don't you think you'd better start the car?"

"Sure. I mean—look, it's kind of embarrassing for Mr. Cameron having to do all this work. I mean, he needs a girl—a—female operative, you call them?"

"He can wire New York and get Mary Mallarkey for you. She used to be the best police matron on the force. She's as strong as an ox and—"

"No," Mr. Rhinesturm said decisively. "Positively, no. The job calls for some one younger, some one with—" He seemed to have an inspiration. "You!"

Judy had expected that. She shouldn't do it. If her father found out, he'd be furious. But when you can make some one happy by just agreeing to attend what would probably be a swell house party, what can a girl do? Besides, Uncle Stanley ought to have some one to look after him.

"All right," Judy said. And then Fran started the car.

They went inland and zipped along at a perfectly furious rate. A group of state troopers in front of the President's estate only waved at them, though; and a local cop a little way farther along yelled: "Hi, Fran!" Evidently the rich Mr. Rhinesturm was above speed laws.

"Listen," he said. "You better call me Fran. If you're going to mingle with the guests, that is."

"I didn't know," Judy said, "that any mingling was needed. Are any of your guests very criminal?"

Fran gulped. Inbreeding—that was what was the matter with him. He looked as though he had suddenly remembered something terrible. "No. I mean—it'll look better if you call me Fran."

"All right. My name is Judy."

These old families always had a half-witted scion. This one had suddenly started singing. Too bad he was so good-looking. A girl who didn't know her way around might—

FRAN stopped the roadster behind the lovely house. About twenty feet away a girl of about thirty lay in a lawn chair and regarded them cynically; and nearer was Uncle Stanley and a man in soil-stained trousers.

"Mr. Fran," this worthy said, "I wouldna be bothering ye, but I hov caught the stablemen spreading the manure among weeds once again. I hov told ye, Mr. Fran, that I canna use weed seeds in ma manure. If they wouldna do this it would save us—"

"Later, Mac, later," Fran said. "Mr. Cameron. I want to talk to you. Where's Miss Crane?"

"She's dressing to go down and go swimming," Uncle Stanley said with great dignity. "I could hardly follow her there."

He sent Judy a look of utter helplessness.

"That's what you hired me for, isn't it, Fran?" Judy said. "Uncle Stanley, I'm to work with you."

"I'm glad to hear that," Camera-Eye said. "Mr. Rhinesturm, you ought to listen to Mr. MacTavish, here. That's a very serious condition he was talking about. Now, if the gardens were mine, I would—"

"All right," Fran snapped. "Do it, then. Now, listen. About what I told you just before I went down to the station. Disregard it, please. I shouldn't have said such a thing about a guest of mine."

"I appreciate your attitude," Uncle Stanley said formally, "but I took the liberty of checking on the young man in question. The police in Boston, where he went to college, report that he was arrested twice—once for kidnaping and once for stealing silverware. Under the circumstances I can hardly entrust my client to him, alone. A young and impressionable girl might well—"

"About the manure," MacTavish said—"I deem it vurry necessary to—"

"All right!" Fran cried wildly. "Do it your own way. All of you. Go on! I don't care! I'm going swimming. You hear? I'm going swimming! Work it out any way you want to. You—you'd better come too, Judy."

He ran into the house. MacTavish stared after him, then turned and plodded away.

"What were the instructions he gave you, Uncle Stanley?" Judy asked.

"He told me," Camera-Eye said, "that one of the guests, Mr. Pell Dunderson, Jr., was mentally unbalanced. That he might kidnap Miss Crane or even steal something from the house. That I was to follow him every place and not let him talk to Miss Crane." . . .

Fran took them to the pool, but Uncle Stanley decided he didn't want to go swimming. He hadn't brought a swimming suit, he said; he didn't own one and had forgotten to buy one. The reason he didn't think of it, he said, was because he didn't swim.

Judy was sunburned, and she knew perfectly well that the effect of tan skin rising out of a white bandeau and blonde hair rising out of the tan skin was—well, effective; but she didn't show it.

That boy on the raft in the middle of the pool was Pell Dunderson, Jr., and the girl with him was Bradford Crane. Did she gnash her teeth when she saw Judy, or didn't she? It was too far to see.

Uncle Stanley caught her arm and held her back. " You better swim out to the raft and start covering the subject," he said gravely. " On account of I can't swim."

Judy said: " He isn't liable to steal very much of the family plate out there on a raft, is he? Or is that where the eccentric old Rhinesturms keep their silverware? "

It was interesting to see a man in swimming trunks blush. Fran's red started somewhere inside the trunks, crept rapidly up his chest, and suffused his neck and then his face. It disappeared under his hair.

The girl on the raft called: " Fran. Oh, Frannie! "

" Coming, Braddie! On my way! "

Judy said, " I see how it is. She's his tool. An innocent victim of a ruthless man. He's probably plotting with her this very minute."

The first blush was just going away, except for the tips of his ears. A second one started now, but was foiled. Mr. Rhinesturm dived into the water neatly and with precision under the eyes of Judy Cameron.

Judy waited a minute and then dived after him. She struck out relentlessly, and caught her client halfway to the raft. As she passed him she kicked water into his face.

He struck after her with redoubled effort; but unfortunately she was at the raft already. She pulled herself up.

" HELLO," Pell Dunderson said. Judy gave him her best smile. He pretended to slip and almost went into the water.

" Your bandeau has slipped," Braddie said.

" It's meant to be that way," Judy said.

Pell Dunderson said " Ouch! " and put a hand on each girl's shoulder, pretending to push them apart. At this point Mr. Rhinesturm arrived.

" Hi, folksies. Braddie Crane and Pill Dunderson, Judy. Folks, this is Judy Cameron."

" Of course," Braddie said sweetly. " I knew I'd seen that—stroke before. Your team came up to Vassar to give an exhibition—d'you remember? "

" It turned out to be an exhibition," Judy said grimly. " It was supposed to be a swimming meet between Smith and Vassar."

" I know," Braddie said. " You Smith girls don't ever think of anything but athletics, do you? "

" I always say," Judy murmured, " you can think better if you aren't carrying a lot of extra weight around."

Pell—called Pill—Dunderson shouted wildly, " The winner! " and held Judy's hand aloft. Before she and Pill slipped into the water, she caught a quick look at Fran Rhinesturm's face. He was goggling, absolutely goggling. No savoir-faire, no poise. She much preferred Pill, even if he was a pyro—a kleptomaniac.

They raced each other around the raft three times. When they climbed

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back on, Fran looked unhappy and Braddie mad. What had happened now?

After dinner that night Judy went out into the garden. She had sat next to Pill. He had drunk too much wine. But she had to admit that Uncle Stanley should have been more subtle. Every time Pill picked up a knife or a fork, her uncle had glared at him. She was half annoyed and half on the verge of giggles. She sat down on a bench to see which she would give way to.

A voice under the bench said, " Sh! "

A good detective should never be surprised. She dropped her hand casually over the back of the stone seat and groped around until she found hair—male hair.

" Who is it? " she asked softly.

" Pill. Is he still there? "

" Who? "

" The bald-headed coot. Braddie's detective. The one that stared at me all through dinner. He's been following me ever since we came back from swimming. He followed me back here. I think he's crazy."

She looked around. It was getting dark, but there was Uncle Stanley, in animated argument with a man who looked like MacTavish.

" He's still there," she said.

Fran and Braddie came out of the living room and walked down the terrace. One end of the terrace was very, very dark, and the other was lighted for bridge. They evidently were not going to play bridge.

"RED JOHNSON IS INNOZENT!

BETTY GOW, TOO!"

What made Hauptmann fling that truth at Jafsie? Did it move him that the innocent might suffer for his crime? " Not a bit! " says Jafsie roundly. How does he know? Watch for his own story—

COMING SOON IN LIBERTY

Hum. If Braddie was Pill's accomplice, she ought to keep an eye on her. She rose and walked up to the terrace. Uncle Stanley could handle Pill.

It was so dark on the end of the terrace that she couldn't see where Braddie and Fran had gone to. But she took a chance on turning the corner, and there was a very blue evening dress and a white monkey jacket. They were closer together than hospitality called for.

She took a cigarette out of the tiny case that dangled from her left wrist and shut the case noiselessly. Then she snapped her lighter.

The figures jumped apart.

" Oh, it's Miss Cameron," Braddie said sweetly. " Alone on a lovely night like this? Fran, you should introduce Miss Cameron to some of the young men." She sounded like a dowager, the—the Vassar cat!

" Yes," Fran gulped. " Good idea. H'm. Come on, Judy."

He grabbed her arm and hurried her up the terrace. Braddie couldn't follow them—not at that pace, not in that evening gown. It was surprising she could sit down at all.

" GEE, Judy," Fran said. " You were just in time. I mean—er—were you following me? " He sounded hopeful.

" Certainly not," Judy said primly. " I was following Miss Crane. Isn't she Dunderson's victim? "

" I wouldn't be at all surprised," Fran said. " Hey, that was funny this afternoon, wasn't it? I mean about there being another Judy Cameron and about Braddie mistaking you for her? "

So he was going to be a snob now! She didn't look like a Smith girl to him, eh? Or didn't he think that the precious Braddie would know anything as low as Stanley Cameron's secretary?

" My real name is Irma Goetz," she said. " But you can just go on calling me Judy anyway." She twisted loose from his grasp and ran down to the bridge tables.

A girl said: " Have you seen Pill? Is he a nervous wreck yet? "

" Almost," Judy said. " Why? "

" That fool Fran. He and Pill have both been trying to propose to Braddie all summer. Fran hired that fat man—the one with the sadly hairless look—to follow Pill every place and keep him from proposing. Every time Pill tries to talk to Braddie, the fat man pops out and stares at him. I'll bet Pill takes a pass at him sooner or later—only Pill's so fried, the fat man's liable to kill him. And besides, detectives carry guns, don't they? "

" Howitzers," Judy said. " I'm one myself."

She ran away again. She didn't want to go in the garden. Pill was under a bench there, or maybe Uncle Stanley had flushed him out now and was standing over him like a pointer. She didn't want to go back to the dark end of the terrace, because her client was there, doing what she was paid to help him do—the rat. Oh, she could kill him, making a fool of poor Uncle Stanley that way!

SHE went into the house. It was warm and there was no one inside. She wandered through the living room. The dining room was deserted, too, the tall sideboard gleaming darkly in light from the terrace.

Judy had an idea. She pulled open a drawer, revealing row on row of serried knives, forks, spoons. She picked one of them up. Only plate, but it would do. It would have to do. She filled her two hands, even stuffed spoons down the front of her dress, and ran upstairs. She knew where Braddie Crane's room was.

Oh, this was going to be good—swell! She dumped the loot into a fitted dressing case marked B. C., and ran downstairs again. There was a phone in the living room. She used it. " State troopers, please." The excitement in the operator's voice thrilled her. " Hello—this is the William Rhinesturm house, northeast of Hyde Point. . . . That's right. A lot of Mr. Rhinesturm's silver has been stolen. . . . Oh, lots. . . . That's right. . . . Me? This is Miss Judith Cameron of the Cameron Detective Agency in New York City. I thought maybe I ought to have an officer to back me up—I'm going to search the house."

The lieutenant at the other end yelled, " Don't let any one leave till I get there! " and smashed the receiver on the hook.

Judy rubbed her ear and, smiling her best Smith smile, went to look for her client, Mr. Francis Rhinesturm.

He was not at the bridge tables. Oh, gosh, she was a terrible manager. He'd been alone down on the dark end of the terrace all this time with that Vassar hussy. Well, she had a good reason for interrupting him. She ran down the terrace.

There was a couple in the shadows. The boy said, " Hey, where's the fire? " He was not Francis.

She turned, blushing, and walked back quietly. Now what? Maybe they'd gone out riding; maybe they were eloping; maybe—oh, maybe anything.

Judy had never thought she'd be glad to hear Braddie Crane's voice. But she was when it said from the edge of the rosebushes: " Please, Fran, come on. Ah, please, Fran."

And Fran answering: " No time. I tell you, I gotta see a dog about—"

Judy, the ace detective, was on them now. She said clearly: " Leap year on the Hudson? "

But this was no joke. Braddie was nearly crying. " Make him come—do, Judy. Pill's in the pool, swimming with all his clothes on. He may drown. He's been drinking too much and—"

Judy said, " Come on, then, Fran." And he went!

Well, the Bradford Crane menace was sunk. She had definitely declared herself for Pill; and if she hadn't, the easy way that Fran went when she, Judy, asked him to, was a Hands Off sign.

They almost trotted the last fifty feet to the pool, for indeed the noise of splashing was alarming.

There, in the moonlit water, was a black-and-white figure going madly around and around the raft.

" Tell him to come out, Fran," Braddie said. She was beginning to sob.

"Wait a minute," Fran said. "I'll turn the lights on." Judy heard him fishing out a key ring and trying keys on the fuse box. Then the floodlights lit up the scene.

Pell Dunderson, Jr., last of a long and honorable line, looked like nothing so much as a penguin. With the water slicking his hair back, his aristocratic nose was a beak; the white shirt front and black jacket completed the effect.

He bawled, "Aha, the lights of Dover!" and went on swimming.

Fran, very authoritative in his white monkey jacket, called: "Come out of there, Pill."

Braddie added: "Please do, Pill. Ah, please!" Now she was crying in earnest, the tears streaking down her make-up and sending powdery drops on to her sky-blue evening dress. Judy slipped her arm around Braddie's waist. Poor girl—just suppose it was Fran in there about to drown!

Suddenly she remembered that she was mad at Fran. He had made a fool of Uncle Stanley, and he was a snob, a dirty stuck-up snob.

"Come on, Pill," Fran said. "Braddie's crying. Can't you see Braddie's crying?"

"I will not come out," the Dunderson scion said, "until that man stops peering and sniffing."

"What man?" Fran asked. "I don't see any man."

Pill stopped swimming for a moment, long enough to tread water and point. "That man there," he said. "He peers over my shoulder and sniffs at my footprints."

Oh! Oh, oh! Uncle Stanley was crouching under the diving tower.

"Uncle Stanley," she said firmly, "come out of there."

She had to call twice. Finally he came out. He blinked in the floodlights. He lumbered toward them.

"OH, Uncle Stanley," she said. "How could you!" She tightened her grip on Braddie's waist and they began sobbing on each other's shoulders.

Uncle Stanley looked at her, then at Fran. "I must have fallen asleep," he said sadly. "And now Judy's mad at me. The last member of my family that would talk to me. I've had a hard life, Mr. Rhinesturm. A very hard life. My father threw me out for forgetting to come down to his bank to get a job. The cutworms were threatening the roses, and I told him I thought my place was in the garden. But he threw me out, Mr. Rhinesturm. And I applied for a job with the city as a park gardener, but they gave me the wrong blank and I joined the police force instead. After that my brother wouldn't talk to me any more. Only Judy. Judy's been loyal, Mr. Rhinesturm, loyal through thick and thin. I don't know—"

"Nevertheless," Fran said, "you must stop peering. Peering and—ah, sniffing. You understand?"

"All right, Mr. Rhinesturm," Uncle Stanley said. "All right. I thought those were my orders." He fished in his pocket and brought out some money. "Here's what you paid me. I'll go back to New York. I—Judy, would you say good-by to me?"

She let go of Braddie and turned on the two men. Pill was swimming closer to the edge of the tank tentatively.

"You can't fire my uncle," she said. "You gave him those orders and he carried them out. You gave them to him so he could annoy poor Braddie and Pill, when all they wanted was to be alone. So you could annoy Braddie, too, with your—your amorous speeches. Come on, Uncle Stanley. Put the money back in your pocket—you earned it. We'll both go back to New York."

SEVEN banshees screamed as one. Seven times seventy cats were having their tails pulled. In other words, the state troopers had arrived, with their sirens wide open.

A very deep voice called from beyond the floodlighted zone: "I've got you all covered. Sorry, but you'll have to put your hands up."

Francis Rhinesturm turned, raising his hands. Uncle Stanley, the dear old nut, was trying to get at his gun. He muttered, "I forgot it again."

The deep voice said: "Oh, it's you, Fran. Don't you worry. I got the place surrounded."

A very handsome lieutenant of state troopers came into the light, reholstering his gun. "Sorry, folks," he said, "but I had to make sure who you were before I came up on you. Fran, got any idea who stole your silver?"

Francis Rhinesturm said: "What? What silver?"

"Hey," the lieutenant drawled. "You mean to say you don't know about it?" His cool eyes were playing over Pill — still dripping — and Braddie, who had embraced him not wisely but too well. "You all drunk here?"

A siren sounded again, in three short yowls. The officer said: "One of my boys found something. You better come on."

Pill yelled: "Hey, officer! This guy here's been following me all evening. I'll bet he's—"

Braddie said, "Hush." Luckily the lieutenant was running too fast to hear them. "You don't want to get Judy's uncle into trouble, do you, Pill?"

She and Pill followed the officer. Uncle Stanley floundered after them, his head hanging.

"Oh, Fran!" Judy said. "I stole the silverware. I— You were standing on the terrace so long with Braddie, and I wanted you to—"

Fran said quickly: "Don't you cry. Ah, Judy, don't cry." Oh, her client's arms were around her. Her client was kissing her. He was very strong. He murmured: "Sweet, sweet. I knew as soon as I saw you I didn't want to— Where did you put the silver?"

"In Braddie's suitcase."

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"You—oh, gosh!" Her client was running for the house. She'd better run along too.

The state troopers—three of them—were in the dining room, staring at the open silver drawer.

"You had better fingerprint it, Heinie," the lieutenant said.

Fran said quickly: "Wait a minute." Still holding on to Judy's hand, he dropped his head. "Get the silverware and put it some place where they'll find it." Then he let go her hand and stepped forward. She slipped out behind him as he said: "Listen. If I can get the stuff back, I'd rather not know who took it, lieutenant."

Judy ran upstairs. There was a trooper in the hallway. "I have to get a handkerchief," she said, and ducked into Braddie's room.

In a minute she had the silver out of the suitcase and clutched in her hands. Downstairs there was the noise of an argument—Fran stalling the cops, giving her time to get out of this jam.

O-oh. If she went back into the hall, the officer there would see that she bulged. If she didn't go back into the hall, they'd find her here when they searched the house. The window!

She looked out. It was only a little throw to a roadster that was parked in the drive with its top down. The silver would hit the leather cushion—

She started pitching. Two, three at a time.

The last pair of knives hit the horn button, and the car gave a little squawk.

She ran across the room and opened the door. The trooper in the hall gave her a curious glance. These officers didn't look at all like Uncle Stanley. She went downstairs.

The lieutenant was saying: "And you've hung around the barracks since you were in knee pants, Fran, but this complaint's gone on the books and we can't stop it till we get your silver back. Heinie, go out to my car and get the fingerprint outfit."

Heinie saluted and said: "Yes, sir." Gee, she was a swell detective. She'd left her fingerprints all over that drawer!

She left more fingerprints on the inside of Fran's palm, because she had to hold on to something.

Heinie came back, bareheaded. He was carrying his big hat gingerly.

"Look, sir, what was in the car."

The lieutenant looked and grew red in the face. "You haven't touched it, Heinie? O. K., then. Fingerprint it. Kids are kids and fun's fun, but you've gotten two squads of state troopers up here for a joke, and I'm going to find out who played it."

Fran squeezed her fingers, and she gulped.

Fran barked: "All right. We've been friends since I was fifteen years old, and when I was sixteen I used to beg dad to let me join the state troopers. But if you go through with this you're going to have a case of false arrest on your books. Because no one is going to sign the complaint, and there can't be a theft until some one complains about losing something."

"That's right," Uncle Stanley said. "I ought to know."

The lieutenant gulped. "O. K. But who are you, mister?"

Uncle Stanley stuck out his chin. "I'm the head of the Cameron Detective Agency in New York."

The lieutenant nodded.

"The charge is quashed. Cameron, eh? Some one from your office called me. The state license bureau will like to hear about this."

Fran pushed Judy behind him and stepped forward. "Go ahead, you big ape. Mr. Cameron is turning in his license anyway. He's going to be flower superintendent on the estate here."

The older girl, the one who was Fran's cousin, came in. She whispered something in the lieutenant's ear.

The trooper officer grinned suddenly. "All right. I know when I'm licked, Miss Gloria. Good night, you crazy kids."

He saluted, generally, and went out. Motorcycles and cars started, but no sirens.

FRAN said: "How did you know what to tell him, Gloria?"

His cousin said: "All the Rhinesturms are psychic. Good night."

She faded away. They all faded away. After a while Judy said: "You don't have to give Uncle Stanley a job, Fran."

"I ought to," Fran said. "It was all my fault. I thought I was in love with Braddie, see. But every time I tried to go any place with her, there was something to do about the estate. So, while I was mad, I told your Uncle Stanley to keep an eye on Pill. When we were in college, Pill was arrested once for trying to take a sugar bowl out of the Copley-Plaza, and once for kidnaping the soph president. That's what gave me the idea. Only your uncle wired the police—and they never did see the joke. He was arrested a third time—we both were—for stealing a barber pole. It's good Uncle Stanley didn't hear about that."

Judy said: "Oh. Well, it's all right. Good night."

"Wait a minute," Fran said. "I—it sounds silly, but when I saw you, I knew I'd never loved Braddie."

"You don't have to give my uncle a job—"

"Forget your uncle," Fran said. "If I don't give him a job, he may tell my parents what I did to Pill."

Judy stepped away from him. "My uncle isn't a blackmailer!"

That odd look came into Fran's eyes.

He grabbed her and barked out:

"No. But mine is. All my uncles are blackmailers, except my great-half-step-uncle-William-in-law, and he's a horse thief. If Uncle Stanley wants to be my uncle, he has to be a blackmailer!"

"Your uncle?" Judy asked him feebly. "I don't—"

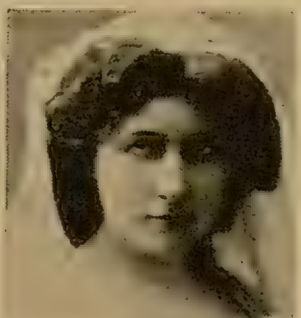
Her client was kissing her again. Only he wasn't her client any more, but just Fran; so she kissed him back.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—A sensation as Salome, later an impresario in Chicago; can you identify her from this early photo?



2—What line precedes "Who never to himself hath said"?

3—Doubling the diameter of a pipe increases its capacity how many times?

4—Which radio team was known as Sam and Henry?

5—Has Prince Edward Island, Canada (population 88,000), had 1, 100, 1,000, or more divorces in about 400 years?

6—What did the American naval commander, Josiah Tattnall, say on going to the aid of the British during a battle in China?

7—According to the Koran, where do those who have not been particularly good nor especially bad spend their afterlife?

8—Did Samuel F. Smith, Francis M. Smith, or F. Hopkinson Smith write the patriotic hymn, America?

9—When a ship is in a storm at sea, how can waves be kept from breaking?

10—Who said "Marriage is a great institution, but I'm not ready for an institution—yet"?

11—What significant number is this: MCMXXXVI?

12—Damascus in Syria and Toledo in Spain have what in common?

13—The musical term *forte* means loudly; what does *sforzando* mean?

14—How much is the U. S. Internal Revenue tax on a pack of cigarettes?

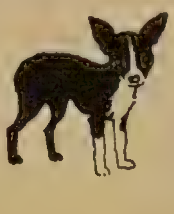
15—Which word is spelled correctly: epistel, bailif, mantila, Somaliland?

16—What is a chickaree?

17—Did Shakespeare, H. C. Witwer, or Bert Green first write: Not so hot; A hell of a time; Done me wrong?

18—When writing the King of England, how should the letter be concluded?

19—What is this dog?



20—Who was America's first great tragedian?

(Answers will be found on page 35)

SUSPENSEFUL, SUBTLE, SENTIMENTAL

Mr. Wanger Brings to the Screen a New Adventure in Fright; Herr von Sternberg Offers a Triumph of Technique, and the Messrs. Warner Indulge in Another Rhapsody of Broadway

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ½ MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE

THE PLAYERS: Sylvia Sidney, Melvyn Douglas, Pert Kelton, Alan Baxter, Wallace Ford, Brian Donlevy, Frank Sully, Fuzzy Knight, Frances Gregg, Charles Waldron, William Ingersoll. Directed by William K. Howard. Story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker.

IN Walter Wanger's suspenseful production of Mary Burns, Fugitive, the pixy-faced Sylvia Sidney is seen as an innocent country lass in love with a city gent, never guessing that he is a thief. When, on the eve of their wedding, her fiancé is forced to kill his confederate and a policeman, Miss Sidney is convicted of sheltering and aiding a criminal.

Later, when Miss Sidney escapes from the penitentiary, she is trailed by detectives who hope to trap her murdering fiancé. Alan Baxter, who plays this role, gives Mary Burns, Fugitive, its taut pitch of smoldering suspense. For when he vows that he will kill any man who looks at her, one has the sinking feeling that he really will. In one scene, especially, the soft spoken killer is terrifyingly effective. This is the sequence wherein he is cornered in church by G-men and threatens to bomb the place if he is touched.

Sylvia Sidney with Melvyn Douglas in a scene from the film Mary Burns, Fugitive

Any synopsis of Mary Burns, Fugitive, would disclose the piece as an out-and-out thriller built on a not entirely sound melodramatic structure. Yet so shrewdly is the plot manipulated and so winningly do Melvyn Douglas and Sylvia Sidney perform as the harassed lovers and so brutal is Brian Donlevy as a gangster that the picture is a perfect illusion of reality.

The chief reason, however, that Mary Burns, Fugitive, remains engrossing cinema fare is that lurking always in the background is a madman who at any moment might shoot the whole works to hell. To miss the electric vibrancy of Alan Baxter's chilling portrayal in these fireworks is to miss just about all the movies can offer in the way of menace.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is one of Lord Walter Wanger's clarsier ones. Cost around $450,000. . . . Sylvia (Deadpan) Sidney announced her marriage, shortly after production started, to Bennett (Beans) Cerf, New York publisher, prexy of Random House and Modern Library. They were married in Phoenix, Arizona. Cerf's a Columbia man, very bright. They will probably maintain separate residential districts: New York and Hollywood. . . . Debutting Alan Baxter's Wanger's new find—Henry (Aw Shucks) Fonda was his last. Alan's of Cleveland, where his paw's vice-prexy of the Cleveland Trust Company. He's a Williams College grad. Was signed by Wanger on Katharine Hepburn's recommendation after Heppie'd seen him as a Polish miner in The Black Pit, a Group Theater presentation. . . . This is Brian Donlevy's second film. He was Knuckles in Barbary Coast. Former New York musicomedy player, he's taking his screen heavy work so seriously he goes around Hollywood scaring people. Is that man tough! . . . Melvyn Douglas's parents wanted him to be a lawyer; he wanted to be a poet; so he compromised and became an actor. He and wife Helen Gahagan have a noninterference agreement in their careers which makes for one of those evergreen marriages. . . . Picture supposed to parallel trapping of Alvin Karpis.

★ ★ ★ CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

THE PLAYERS: Peter Lorre, Edward Arnold, Marian Marsh, Douglas Dumbrille, Tala Birell, Robert Allen, Elizabeth Risdon, John Arthur, Gene Lockhart, Michael Mark, Mrs. Pat Campbell. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. Screen play by S. K. Lauren and Joseph Anthony from the story by Dostoievsky.

A THOUGHTFUL, considerate, and brooding study of a man's losing battle with his conscience, Crime and Punishment is, artistically, an important film. Stripped of its social significance but losing little of the ponderous emotional sweep in its transition to the screen, the Dostoievsky classic becomes a beautiful self-conscious and dreamlike document. Curiously unbalanced both in its playing and telling, the picture flames, at times, into such brilliantly contrived effects that it is impossible to remain unmoved.

For all its artful presentation, and even though it is photographed and lighted by a master of the studio stage, we cannot urge entertainment seekers to see Crime and Punishment. This deeply introverted film is too solemn, too depressing to be listed as a means of enjoyment. Yet its stylized technique strikes sharply and cleanly and any one interested in cinema methods will find von Sternberg's grouping of his players and his subtle camera work the best of a brilliant though erratic career.

Though his characterization lacks the change that should accompany the passage of time, Peter Lorre gives a memorable performance as the man with a secret too big to keep. Outstanding work is done by Gene Lockhart in a slightly burlesqued capitalist role, by Douglas Dumbrille, Mrs. Pat Campbell, and by Tala Birell and Elizabeth Risdon as the killer's sister and mother. The film is weakened, we feel, by the forced and unaccountable jollity of rotund Edward Arnold as the hounding chief of police. But Marian Marsh—transformed in appearance and manner to the Dietrich mold—helps to give the sordid treatise a spot of color.

Not entirely savory meat, the whole production is merged into a deadly and compelling evening of defeatism.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Columbia's Miracle Picture—the miracle being that director Joe von Sternberg made it *without* Marlenah Dietrich and finished three days under schedule. They tell me von Sternberg makes as many as thirty takes of a scene—not because he wants to send raw-film stock up, but because he believes in rehearsing before a loaded camera. Often one of the rehearsals will catch something a final take lacks. . . . After playing the child murderer in M, moon-faced Peter (Popeye) Lorre couldn't appear in a European café without causing women to grab their offspring and scram. Since playing straight comedy didn't remedy it, he's had to emigrate here, where he will probably meet the same fate. Then where will he go? . . . Marian Marsh is really Violet Krauth of Trinidad, British West Indies; she wants to be a rancher some day. . . . Robert Allen's Ted Baer—but don't tell Joe Louis. He's been married to Evelyn Peirce since 1931; they've no children. . . . Viennese Tala Birell's unmarried: her nickname's Talusha; she can't cook but likes to read; she's taken out first cit papes. . . . Picture is about artistic tops for Columbia Pictures.

★ ★ BROADWAY HOSTESS

THE PLAYERS: Winifred Shaw, Genevieve Tobin, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins, Phil Regan, Marie Wilson, Spring Byington, Joseph King, Donald Ross. Directed by Frank McDonald. Story by George Bricker.

BROADWAY HOSTESS introduces Marie Wilson, who, in a small part, shows definite promise of becoming that rarest of theatric types—a really funny woman. Other than that, this strictly pedestrian piece has nothing to enshrine it in the memory.

The Warner Boys are still rhapsodizing over Kilowatt Canyon and, if only for realism, one of them should take a trip to what we call the Great White Way before they begin making any more pictures about the one-time glamorous thoroughfare.

This is the same old sausage about a little girl (Winifred Shaw) with a little voice who gets a tryout in a café. Before she can accept the job she is swiftly spotted by a slicker (Lyle Talbot) who becomes her manager. Talbot sees that the talented newcomer gets all the financial breaks, though his own ambitions lie a few blocks eastward on Park Avenue. If Mr. Talbot would take a little time off from picture-making to *see* a couple, he would know that any one who lives on Park Avenue is, *ipso facto*, a heel. However, he has to find out for himself, and Broadway Hostess, traveling back and forth between the two streets at a snail's pace, teaches him a bitter lesson.

Because Winifred Shaw is a handsomely dark miss of gorgeous proportions and because she has a pleasantly unpretentious voice, Broadway Hostess is not as dull as it deserves to be. Given the capable assistance of the always comic Allen Jenkins, Spring Byington, Lyle Talbot, and that silly Marie Wilson, Miss Shaw contrives quite a few passably entertaining moments in spite of the obstacles the studio has put in her path.

VITAL STATISTICS: Warner Bros., anxious to create new stars, gives Winifred Shaw—who sang hit Lullaby of B'way in Golddiggers of '35 and hit Lady in Red in Caliente—her first feature role. A bit lusciously hefty, Winifred removed thirty pounds of avoirdupois to fit the role. She's half Hawaiian and half French and Irish. Never saw Hawaii. Born in Frisco. Early married and early divorced. Has three childer. Played feminine relief to Ed Wynn's Simple Simon; later succeeded Helen Morgan in a show. . . . As a rookie policeman, after he'd been on the force but a month Phil Regan arrested a murderer, which evidently startled the powers that be so much they made him a detective. Singing at a party one night, a radio scout caught Phil, and the result's been that Phil's stopped pavement pounding for ear assaulting. He's unmarried but hopes to take the jump soon with Josephine Dwyer of Brooklyn, his home town. . . . Genevieve Tobin gets her social screen airs by mingling with the social fuddy-duddies of Montecito, which is the haut-tony part of Santa Barbara. Genevieve's a shrewd businesswoman, although she's never marrying. . . . Lyle Talbot having just lost Peggy Watters to Dixie Howell, Alabammer Flash, is now heart-entwined with Paula Stone, Fred's dotter. . . . Marie Wilson's been dubbed the female Charley Butterworth. . . . Picture cost about $200,000.

★ ★ YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY

THE PLAYERS: Edward Everett Horton, Lois Wilson, John McGuire, Rosina Lawrence, Alan Dinehart, Marjorie Gateson, William Benedict, Florence Roberts, Jane Barnes. Directed by Eugene Ford. From the play by Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson.

YOU will find Your Uncle Dudley a placating little effort based on that most popular of theatric themes: the turning of the worm. In this one E. E. Horton is the worm who spends all his time working for the good of his community, neglecting both his business and his lovelorn secretary, Lois Wilson. The chairman of every civic drive, the meekly industrious Mr. Horton collects endless good-will loving cups, while his rivals snatch all the business and his family ensnarls itself in domestic and careeristic knots.

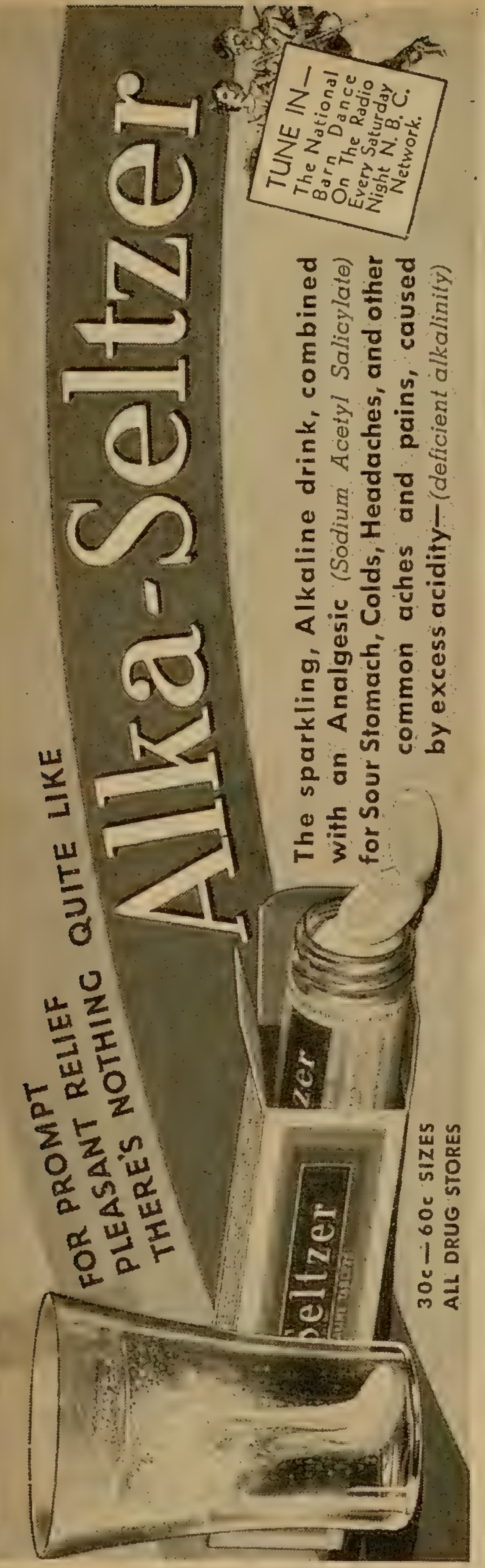
The film has moments of gentle humor, and as the face-making Mr. Horton knows his camera tricks as well as any character comedian, Your Uncle Dudley manages to keep its head above water. There are pleasantly played roles by Lois Wilson, Marjorie Gateson, and Alan Dinehart, who make it all something for your complete and comfortable relaxation.

VITAL STATISTICS: Brooklyn's Edward Everett Horton, the world's busiest fuss-budget since he left Columbia University in 1912 to grease-paint up, has been building a house in the San Fernando Valley for ten years. It started to be a rectangular four-roomer over a garage, on six acres, but got out of control. It's now twenty-two rooms on a few dozen acres and there are eleven other buildings on the property. . . . Santa Clara quarterback and ichthyologist John McGuire, fresh out of college, took a chum and an enormous swordfish to the Chicago Fair, but, despite an interesting spiel on the fish, couldn't make a go of it. . . . Rosina Lawrence, cured of a childhood paralysis, was ordered by the healing doctor to dance for body building. At it ever since, she debutted at the Foreign Club, Mexico City. . . . Lois Wilson, at it for twenty limelighted years, is still going strong, averaging 1,000 fan letters a week.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin?

★★★—So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies.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My New Year's Resolutions by Shirley Temple

America's Youngest Sweetheart Means to Lead a Better Life—but She Needs a Number of Things to Help Her Do It!

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

RESOLUTIONS is a big word and I did not know what it meant until mother told me. I think there must be a smaller word for what it means. My teacher says she is going to try and think of one for me.

I don't know what my resolutions are going to be for the New Year, but mother says I have to think some up and that I have to do it right away. So I guess I'll have to, because she checks up every night to see that I do the things she asks me.

The next year I am going to make my father give me a small automobile that runs itself, because I am tired of walking at the studio. This studio is big and the stages are very far apart and sometimes walking hurts my feet.

My father says he thinks I am too young for an automobile, but that isn't so. Once Will Rogers let me turn the wheel on his automobile, and I didn't hit any one or run into anything. The kind of automobile I want has a small motor in it that makes a nice chugging noise, and it has brakes and a horn, and goes real fast when you want it to. I think I'll get it if I ask enough.

The next year, I am going to say " please " every time I ask for something, and mother says that is very important for a little girl. If it is so important for a little girl, I wonder why so many grown-up people don't say " please " when they ask me to do something. Anyway, I guess I'll have to do what she wants. I am going to ask Mr. Dave Butler to say " please " when he asks me to make a scene.

I like Mr. Butler. He directed me in The Littlest Rebel, and he is nice to get along with because he calls me " One-Take Temple," and he lets me off every night at five so I can go home and play with the kids on the block. But I wish mother would speak to him and make him say " please." I would like him a lot better then, and then I wouldn't mind saying " please " myself.

Then, I am going to ask Mr. Zanuck to make the print larger on my scripts. I don't like small type because it is hard to read and I can't read very well yet. I have just finished the Fourth Reader, and the letters are so big in that that I don't have to squint. I would like to have glasses to read the scripts Mr. Zanuck gives me, but mother says glasses wouldn't look good on me. I don't know why, because other people wear glasses to read small print—and I'm smaller than they are.

But sometimes I fool mother and don't read the script at all. I say, " Mother, I can't read that big word," or I say that I am very tired and can't learn any more. Then mother takes the script and reads it to me. I can learn faster doing it that way. She reads my speech and I remember it pretty well, and Mr. Butler says I make few mistakes, which is why he calls me " One-Take Temple."

I am going to ask mother to make my allowance five dollars next year instead of four dollars like I get now every week. Mother says all my money must go into the bank except the four dollars. But I don't see how I can get along on that. This money isn't enough for all the candy, chewing gum, and coca-cola I need when I work. And besides I have to treat other children who work with me, and that leaves very little for the other things I want I want to buy a lot of animals, but I don't see how I can on four dollars. I must have at least five dollars.

The next year I am going to get mother to buy me som foxes and bantam chickens for my play yard at the studi I already have twenty-four rabbits, and that is ve funny. I started with four that the studio gave me. Th mother, dad, and I went to Honolulu, and when I ca back there were twenty little ones. I guess I will ha to make the coop very much larger. If I go to Honolu again there wouldn't be room for any more.

I like foxes and bantam chickens best of all and I will have some next year in coops next to the rabbits. There is a lot of money in raising foxes, which is why I want to get some. When they are old enough I will have them made into furs which I am going to sell. That is one way I am thinking of making more money if mother doesn't raise my allowance to five dollars.

I don't think I would be able to make money right away with the bantam chickens, because their eggs are very small and there is very little meat on them. But I want to raise big chickens when I am older, and I think I will learn a lot practicing on small ones.

My mother says I will have to learn how to ride a horse next year. So I suppose I will have to make up my mind about that. I like horses, but they are so big that I am afraid of them. I like ponies, though; but I guess there wouldn't be much use of my learning to ride on a pony, because they don't use them in pictures.

Later on in the year I am going to go on the radio. I couldn't before because the studio thought I was too little. Microphones in radio stations are made for old people, but I don't see why that should keep me from going on the air. I could use a chair to reach the microphone. I wonder why no one thought of that before?

I guess that is all that I can make up at this time.

THE END

MY CO-PILOT WAS CALLED DEATH

The Stirring Memories of a Famous Flying Fatalist Who Was Convinced that He "Wouldn't Wash Out for Good Till His Number Was Up"—Written for Liberty Shortly Before His Last Flight into the Storm

by SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD-SMITH

as told to EDWIN C. PARSONS

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Editor's Note: Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, flying in an attempt to break the England-to-Australia record, took off from Allahabad, India, on November 7, and that night his plane was seen speeding over the Bay of Bengal into a raging storm. The following day search for him and his companion, Tom Pethybridge, was begun by the Royal Air Force, with mail and commercial planes and steamships cooperating. Within the next few weeks reports of a flare sighted on a lonely island or a plane seen crashing in the jungles of Siam revived hopes that the two men might be still alive; but as this issue of Liberty goes to press no such report has been confirmed. The probability that the great transoceanic airman was brought down to death in the sea by a storm tragically intensifies the interest of his avowals in this article concerning his past escapes from such a death.

I MUST be one of the luckiest men in the world, for I was the seventy-eighth victory of von Richthofen, the Red Knight of Germany, shortly before his flaming areer was ended. That I scaped with my life when he shot down my plane was in e nature of a miracle.

Even back in 1917 I had a wild yen to span an ocean air. Today I can justifiably feel proud of what I've complished in hopping these Big Ditches; but the rs of overcoming the hazards attendant on long-distance flights have made me a complete fatalist.

Despite strict adherence to my creed, " Never take an unnecessary chance," there has arrived a time on nearly every hop when I've been thoroughly frightened. I've been in so many tough spots when it's been touch and go whether I lived or died that I'm convinced that I shan't wash out for good till my number is up.

In 1919 I had entered for the first flight from England to Australia, but lack of finances compelled a withdrawal. I came to America in 1920 with the one idea of flying the Pacific. I tried my best to interest men with money. They all thought I was crazy. I went back to Australia and into commercial flying for six years. Then in 1928 I took off from Oakland airport, Australia bound, in the gallant trimotored Southern Cross, with Charley Ulm as co-pilot, Harry Lyon as navigator, and Jim Warner as radio operator.

It wasn't until nightfall that my feeling of elation gradually evaporated. With nothing in sight but the ocean, anxiety gradually crept over me.

Was everything all right? What effect was the terrific vibration having? How much of the lifeblood of the plane were those three roaring motors drinking? A riot of figures fluttered through my head—and left a gone feeling in the pit of my stomach. If I was anywhere near correct, with sixteen more hours in the air to go we should fail by a wide margin.

I had a terrible feeling of lonely responsibility. We saw only two ships, both at night—but how much they meant to me, no one will ever know. They were like friendly hands stretched out in a wilderness.

The weight of the monotony grew steadily with the passing hours. I commenced to wish I were thousands of miles away from an airplane engine instead of being huddled under three of them. I listened for the slightest hesitancy in their beat; became obsessed with the idea—which was pure imagination—that one of them showed a little unsteadiness. My legs became cramped. If only I could have soothed myself with a cigarette!

As the night wore on I more or less drifted into stupor from prolonged nerve strain. Toward morning I had to whip up my brain to make it work at all.

With the successful ending of our first leg at Honolulu, the strain vanished. I was again bubbling over with confidence when we took off at dawn of the second day for the longest ocean hop ever attempted. I had only climbed about 300 feet, almost the ceiling for the heavily overloaded plane, when there came a succession of bumps which almost tore the wheel from my hand. Once or twice the plane took great drops, producing the same sickening sensation as a quick drop in an elevator. My arms were aching in their sockets and I fully expected one or both wings to crumple. For five minutes it was touch and go whether we stayed in the air or crashed. When at last I was able to nurse the logy bus up to 600 feet and comparative calm, I was wringing wet and I know I was white as a sheet.

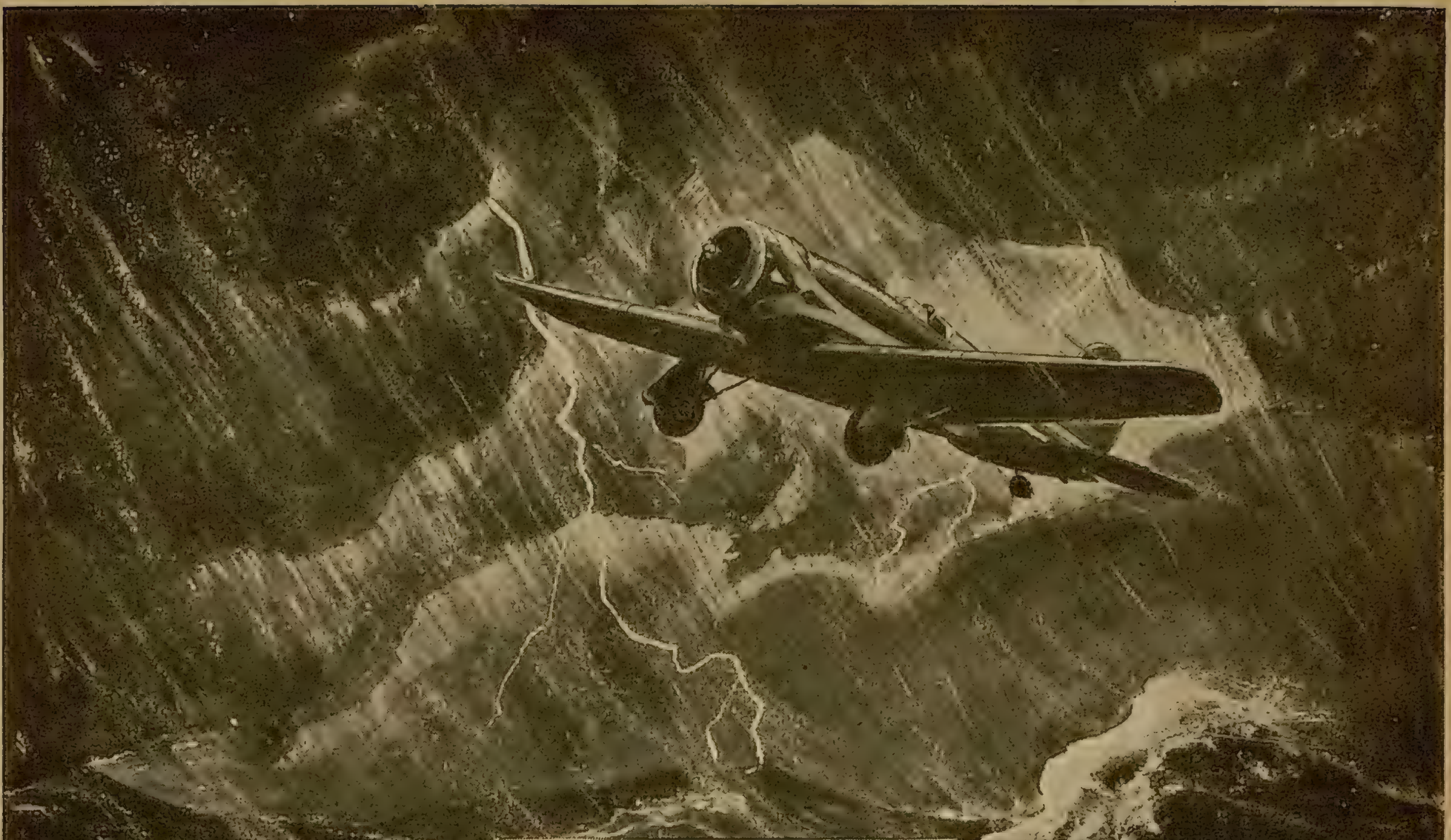
In fact, during all this long hop of over 3,000 miles I was either getting a new thrill or recovering from former ones. For nearly thirty-five hours every nerve was strained to the breaking point—particularly while blind-flying through the darkness in lashing tropical rains, buffeted by vicious cross winds.

There was an appalling fright when, at half past three in the afternoon, a tremendous cough was followed by a sputter and kick in the starboard motor. We were nearly a thousand miles from the nearest land. Our wireless transmitters were out at the time, and if the motor failed we should eventually have to come down in that angry sea without letting any one know of our plight.

The sputtering continued intermittently for eight minutes—then stopped. But the thought that it might start again was an added weight of apprehension.

At six in the morning, after twenty-four hours in the air, there were still no visibility and no horizon! My greatest thrill of all came when, seven hours later, Ulm wrote in the logbook, " Suva in sight ahead."

With the worst behind us, I anticipated little difficulty on our remaining leg to Brisbane. But the night held



"Rain began. Raking gusts jolted us. Lightning added its terrors."

"I'm a veteran," Kingsford-Smith said, "but there's life in the old dog yet!"

undreamed-of menaces. First, our earth-inductor compass, the most valuable instrument we carried, went out of action. Then, soon after seven o'clock, torrential rain began. We bumped and dropped and bucked. Raking gusts jolted us.

The glass windshields began to succumb in their frames to the terrific pressure of the driving wind. As we climbed it rapidly became colder, until I was numb.

It was far worse than flying through the ordinary blackness of night. Lightning added its terrors. Soon a blue flame commenced jigging around the plug leads on all three motors. The constant flooding of the spark-plug wires and the heavy electrical charge in the atmosphere were causing it—and if the magnetos were thoroughly wet too, they might cut out any minute.

For four solid hours we endured these terrible conditions, and all night long we were tossed about like a leaf in a gale. It was most fortunate that we had the whole continent of Australia to shoot at, for when we sighted land the following morning we were 110 miles south of where we had aimed for!

I decided that the next Big Ditch venture should be across the Tasman Sea to New Zealand, with Ulm, and with H. A. Litchfield, an Australian, as navigator, and T. H. McWilliams, a New Zealander, as radio operator.

Although the distance from Sydney to Christchurch is but 1,624 miles, the Tasman Sea has the reputation of being one of the stormiest stretches of ocean on the globe, and it is a comparatively deserted one.

We took off at dusk from the Richmond airdrome. At eleven o'clock I noticed, a long way ahead, the flickering of lightning. As we approached the storm climbed to 10,000 feet, hoping t get over it. To my dismay, found it extended higher than I could ever attempt to go. The whole region appeared to be riddled from top to bottom with lightning. We began to get terrific bumps from air pockets. Rain squalls tore at us from every direction until I was forced to leave the throttles wide open to keep the motors hot and minimize the danger of soaking the plugs.

Suddenly the rain changed into driving sleet. The Southern Cross began to labor under a heavy coating of ice. I couldn't maintain altitude—and then the air-speed indicator went from 95 miles an hour to zero! Could the plane be stalling?

I pushed the controls forward as far as possible. Nothing happened—except the steady fall of the altimete from 8,000 to 2,500 feet. In the end I realized that the indicator must have ceased to function. But why? The tube had become choked with ice.

I glanced at the engine-revolution counter. It showed 2,300 revolutions per minute instead of 1,800!

We were diving at a terrific angle and at an enormous speed. The great ice-incrusted mass yielded slowly, very slowly, to the controls as I braced myself and pulled back hard on the wheel. I commenced to have a horrible feeling that we were going straight into the angry sea like an ice-sheathed arrow.

It was another thousand feet before the shuddering nose straightened out. I kept the turn indicator at central and ground back up to 2,500 feet. All this time we were being bumped about in an inconceivable manner. And then I got a hasty note from McWilliams: "Lightning put both radio sets out of action."

That night of horror is still a vivid memory to me. I think I touched the extreme of human fear. Panic was very near and I almost lost my head. I was like a rat in a trap, dazed with terror.

All this time I was flying absolutely blind—and praying that the bank-and-turn indicator would not go out of action too. If it did, we were lost! To add to my fear, there was the paralyzing and unforgettable fact that we carried 500 to 600 gallons of highly volatile petrol. One spark from that terrible lightning . . . .

I gained a little comfort from the altimeter needle remaining steady, and at the lower and warmer altitude the ice was slowly melting and relieving the plane of the perilous added weight. The plug of ice in the tube melted; the air-speed indicator came to life.

But after we emerged from the worst of the storm, about three o'clock, all three engines commenced to vibrate so badly that at times I thought they were going to jump from their supports. It was with shaking bodies that we finally climbed out of the old bus at Wigram airdrome! Two great chunks had been torn out of each propeller blade by the particles of flying ice.

On the return flight we took off before dawn with a strong wind in our teeth. I flew as low as possible, around 500 feet, which left room for the long radio aerial to swing. Below us was the choppy gray sea.

About the middle of the afternoon I got the one terrific scare of that particular hop. Stiff and chilled, Ulm stood up to stretch his muscles. As he did so, the roar from our starboard engine ceased. He hastily examined the petrol pipes, but could discover nothing wrong. But the engine had certainly stopped, though our momentum kept the propeller revolving.

There was only one thing to do—dump some of our petrol to save weight, and turn around and try to make the nearest land on our remaining engines.

I was about to tell Ulm to open the dump valve when I suddenly noticed, in a last-minute check, that the engine switch was off. In standing up, Ulm had inadvertently knocked or kicked it. All that saved our skins was the fact that the propeller was still turning; for at that low altitude I couldn't have dived to restart it, and with our heavy load we couldn't possibly have climbed with only two engines running.

Altogether it can be easily understood why I was slowly but surely becoming a fatalist.

AT the end of March, 1929, I decided to fly the Southern Cross to England. Less than an hour out, our long aerial carried away. We could still send, but we couldn't hear. In view of the fine weather reports from the other end, I decided to push on.

However, after our departure a terrific storm blew up. In blissful ignorance I flew straight ahead into it. When at last I caught sight of the ground, I saw that we were over the unexplored Kimberley ranges—ravines, roaring torrents, cliffs, heavy timber.

I was completely lost! It seemed a lifetime that I flew round and round. Then, after almost twenty-nine hours and a half in the air, our tanks went dry!

I caught sight of a little inland tidal mud flat, the one landing place for miles. For twelve days we remained in that horribly isolated spot while search was made for us. Our emergency rations were missing; they had evidently been stolen by souvenir hunters. All we had to eat was a little consignment of a patent baby food which we had been asked to carry across Australia! We were tortured by flies and mosquitoes.

The baby food lasted only five days. Three times we caught sight of searching planes miles away—and watched them disappear without seeing us. When at last we were discovered, the rescue plane tossed over provisions, then—oh, joy!—a few packages of cigarettes.

Two months later we tried again, and reached England.

My next venture was an attempt at the first east-to-west crossing of the Atlantic to New York. My comrades on this flight were a Dutch co-pilot, Evert van Dyk, Captain J. P. Saul of the Irish Free State as navigator, and Johnny Stannage as radio operator. For nearly eight hours we were forced to fly blind through an impenetrable fog. When I attempted to get above it we encountered such a head-wind that our speed was reduced to less than fifty miles an hour. Our petrol supply would never carry us to America at that rate!

Toward two o'clock in the morning we were completely worn out. I groped down to 500 feet, hoping to get below the fog and sight the sea. I was loath to go lower, as we depended solely on our altimeter, which was merely an aneroid barometer. A large drop in atmospheric pressure might cause a false reading.

The altimeter was still showing 600 feet when I got a note from Stannage: "For God's sake, no lower. Aerial dragged in water twice." As the aerial was but 125 feet long, I hastily climbed up again. But no sooner had I recovered from this shock than a note from Saul said, "Why can't you keep on your course? My compass shows up to ninety degrees divergence."

WE had three compasses and all three differed. We were still about 400 miles from land. Our petrol was rapidly becoming exhausted. For all we knew, we might be wandering in circles.

My mind went back to my predecessors who had attempted the same pioneer flight. What had brought about their unknown end?—some mysterious uncanny factor which had disturbed their compasses like this?

I decided we had to risk the added consumption of fuel to get above the fog and find out where we were. As we emerged into clear air at 3,500 feet, the three compasses returned to normal!

When we landed, not at New York but at Harbor Grace after thirty-one and a half hours in the air, I was almost unable to climb out. From there on to San Francisco, completing a world tour for the Southern Cross, seemed as easy as going to the corner pub.

Next, with an Avro Avian sports biplane, the Southern Cross Junior, I set out to break Hinkler's solo record of fifteen and a half days from England to Australia. There were no narrow escapes on this flight. It was all most monotonous, and was accomplished in just under ten days. Then, in a short time, first Scott and then Mollison came along and broke my record, Mollison making the homeward flight in eight days and twenty-one hours! However, I laid out a schedule which I hoped would bring the record back to an Australian airman.

The second day found me almost twenty hours ahead of Mollison's time. Toward late afternoon I saw a bad storm before me. I hoped it was local and plunged into it, but it became worse. I was forced down until I was only thirty to fifty feet above the narrow sandy beach. I could never find Victoria Point in that deluge, and there was every chance of crashing into a hill. With my heart in my mouth, I flopped safely down and taxied the plane up near the high-water mark.

There I was, absolutely lost. In front of me the black gloom of the jungle; behind me the raging sea and the tide sweeping in! I saw that it would reach my machine. Fearful lest the wheels bog down, I went cautiously into the jungle, hoping to find some light timber.

I scrambled around in the pitchy dark, found a couple of saplings, and was retracing my steps when suddenly I heard the roar of a tiger!

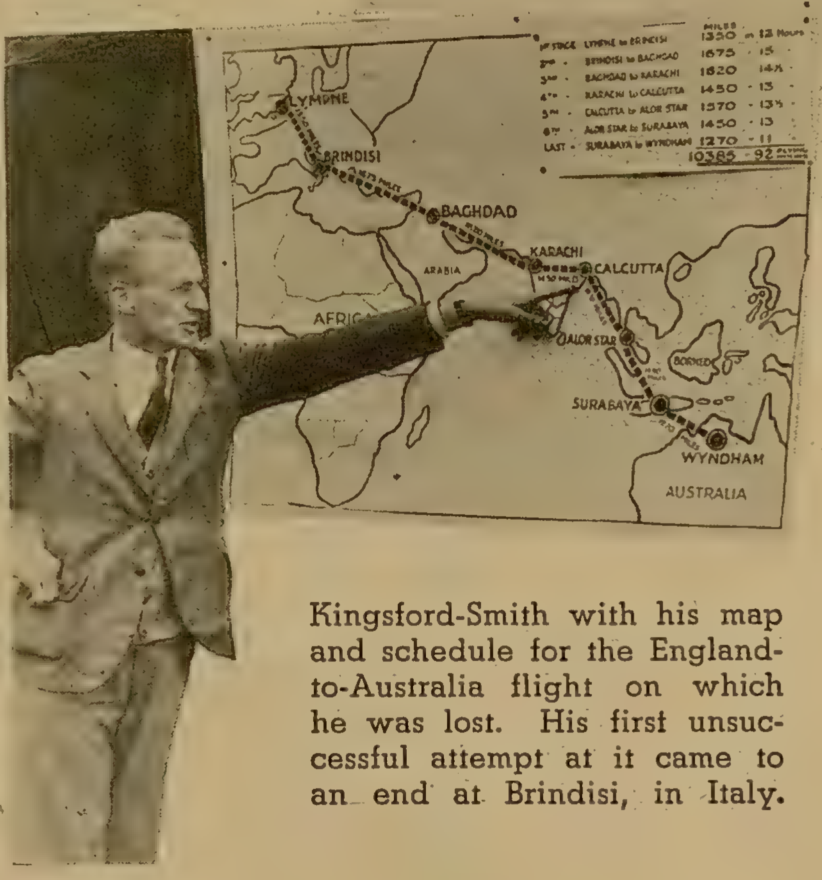
To my terrified ears it sounded less than ten yards away, although it was probably nearer a hundred. At any rate, the tiger roared on as I crashed back through the brushwood, jumped into the cockpit, and sat there trembling. But though I kept imagining I saw a tigerish shadow stalking the machine, there were no more roars and no blazing eyes.

The tide was now lapping around my plane and I forced myself out—ready to jump at any second—and managed to lever up the wheels.

It was a miserable night, but the rain let up as day broke full, and I managed to dig out the plane and go on. The fourth day saw me still ahead of Mollison. It was when I turned across the Bay of Bengal narrows that I was suddenly stricken with the one thing I had never counted on—a horrible feeling that I didn't know who I was or what I was doing.

This curious attack lasted a minute or so. The next minute I was diving for the sea. In a sweat of apprehension, I gained control of myself and realized that I might have had sunstroke—although later medical examination indicated carbon-monoxide poisoning. Recurring attacks of sickness and vomiting followed, but I finally made Calcutta. There I borrowed a topee and some brandy, rested an hour in the shade, and took off again.

On my seventh day, despite further attacks, I was a full day ahead of the record. Then, near Milas, a little Turkish town, I had my worst attack since the first one, and had to come down. I must have fainted, for when I came to, there was a ring of Turkish soldiers around the plane! They took me to Milas. I was held prisoner for two days. Finally concluding that I had no evil designs on their country, the commandant at Angora released me. I finished my flight to England, but of course had lost my chance to break the record.


MILES
1st STAGE LYMPNE to BRINDISI 1350 in 12 Hours
2nd " BRINDISI to BAGHDAD 1675 " 15 "
3rd " BAGHDAD to KARACHI 1620 14½ "
4th " KARACHI to CALCUTTA 1450 " 13 "
5th " CALCUTTA to ALOR STAR 1570 " 13½ "
6th " ALOR STAR to SURABAYA 1450 " 13 "
LAST " SURABAYA to WYNDHAM 1270 " 11 "
10385 " 92
LYMPNE
BRINDISI
BAGHDAD
ARABIA
KARACHI
CALCUTTA
AFRIC
ALOR STAR
BORNEO
SURABAYA
WYNDHAM
AUSTRALIA

Kingsford-Smith with his map and schedule for the England-to-Australia flight on which he was lost. His first unsuccessful attempt at it came to an end at Brindisi, in Italy.

My most recent flight from Australia to America in the Lady Southern Cross, a single-motored Lockheed Altair, was to me the crowning effort of all my hops. With Captain Bill Taylor as navigator, I set out to return over the air trail which I'd blazed six years before. For the long leg to Honolulu the plane was loaded with 625 gallons of petrol — an enormous load for a comparatively tiny machine.

We had hoped to get off in the early afternoon, but failed, narrowly escaping disaster in the surf. On our second attempt, at dawn, we succeeded. At nightfall we were 1,600 miles out and full of confidence. I should have known that it was all too perfect, that something was bound to happen. Flying at 8,000 feet at eleven o'clock that night, we ran into torrents of rain. I climbed to 14,000 feet and it was worse. I didn't like it a bit. What to do? Turn and run back?

To get a look at the intensity of the barrage of water, I reached for the landing-light switch. In that moment the air-speed indicator needle dropped back to zero. Evidently the tube was choked with rain water.

Suddenly the machine felt uneasy. I was flying at half throttle. My eyes were glued to the instrument board when, like a flash, the needle of the bank-and-turn indicator swung hard over and stayed there.

Good God! We were spinning!

I set frantically to work, but got no results. Terrifically frightened, I felt a hot searing anger at myself for being unable to do what a beginner is first taught to do—bring a plane out of a spin. The instinct to fight was so strong that I pressed both feet on one rudder pedal, braced my back against the seat, and pushed grimly. Either the controls were going to break or that machine *had* to come out of that spin!

I kept up the agonizing pressure until my back was nearly broken. Aeons of time passed as we spun on, around and down. Then slowly the needle wavered and came back to central. We were not spinning now but in a steep dive. I gradually eased back on the stick.

Then, to my vast relief, the air-speed indicator suddenly came to life. But it read 95 miles per hour and we were still slowly losing altitude. A little more throttle. Still no faster. Full throttle—and only a few miles per hour increase.

Impossible to reach Honolulu like that! I asked Bill if he thought he could find Fanning Island; he said he could only try. Before deciding on that forlorn hope, I forced myself to look calmly around the instrument board.

Almost at once I shouted, vilifying myself. In switching on the landing lights I had accidentally switched on the motor which winds down the wing flaps! This has a power- ful braking effect, and it was this drag which had caused suc loss of speed that the mac had been thrown into an all fatal spin.

VH-USU
SOUTHERN CROSS

Wide World photos

Taking off for the perilous hop from Australia to New Zealand. The plane is the Southern Cross.

My most recent close call w perhaps the closest I have had- so much so that I still don't li to dwell upon it or even to th about it. It came only last M when with Taylor and Stan I had once again taken off Sydney to hop the Tasm to New Zealand, this tim rying nearly 400 pour King's Jubilee air mail. Brie when we were 480 miles out our trimotor plane lost i starboard propeller. I had to decide whether to go on o go back, and chose the latter.

Then the port motor began spluttering, and so om nously that for a while we were afraid it couldn't las fifteen minutes. The center motor followed suit; but b means of a gallon of oil from the now useless starboar engine we were able to put them right again. Meanwhile in our extremity, I had dumped our cargo—though not of course, that mail!—thus gaining the hundred feet o altitude that meant a fighting chance for life. The rea credit for our escape belongs to Taylor. We had wire lessed, and ships were racing in our direction; I doub whether any of them could have got to us in time. W did, somehow, stay in the air and make it back to Sydney I hope I never have to go through just that experienc again!

The flying life of pilots, as of planes, is short compare with other forms of transport. At thirty-eight I recog nize that I am a veteran. Well, there is life in the ol dog yet!—and I still sigh for uncharted spaces and ne worlds to conquer—even though transoceanic flights ar selling at two cents to the bushel and there is the eve present problem of financing to worry me.

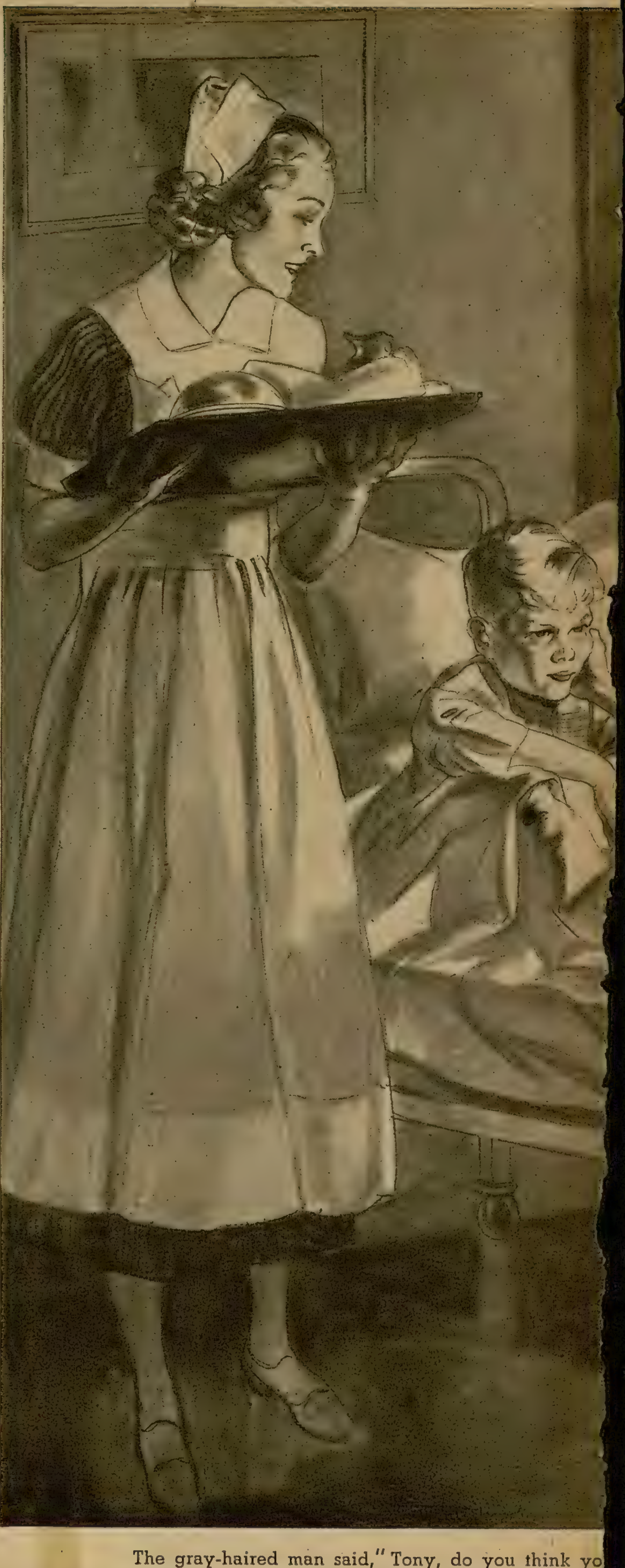
To be sure, I have a nice little air business in Sydney but my heart is in adventure and the last frontier is i the air.

THE END

Pirate Hoard

A TENDER, POIGNANT STORY THAT SHOULD MAKE YOU BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH THE THINGS IN THE MINDS AND HEARTS OF ALL THE SMALL BOYS YOU EVER KNEW

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 18 SECONDS



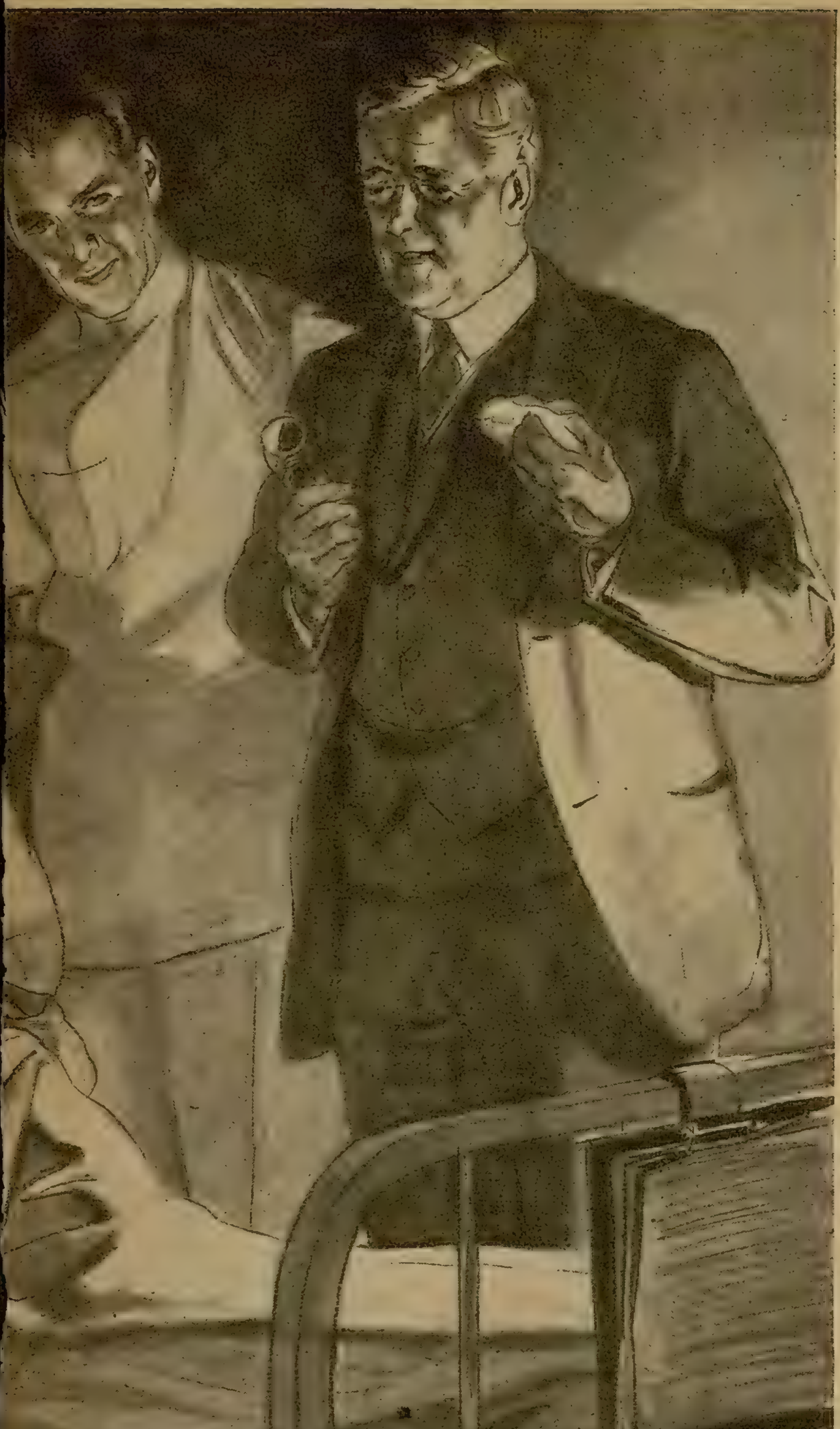
The gray-haired man said," Tony, do you think yo

NY liked to play with the other boys in the old ilding down by the river. True, there was prob- y an element of disobedience in their being there, e doors were boarded up and there was a huge sign aid "No Trespassing" on the weedy little patch ont lawn. But, reasoned Tony, if you were big nough to spell out that sign, and Aunt Ann hadn't ever actually *said* that you mustn't play there— My goodness, a fellow had to have *some* place to play, hadn't he?

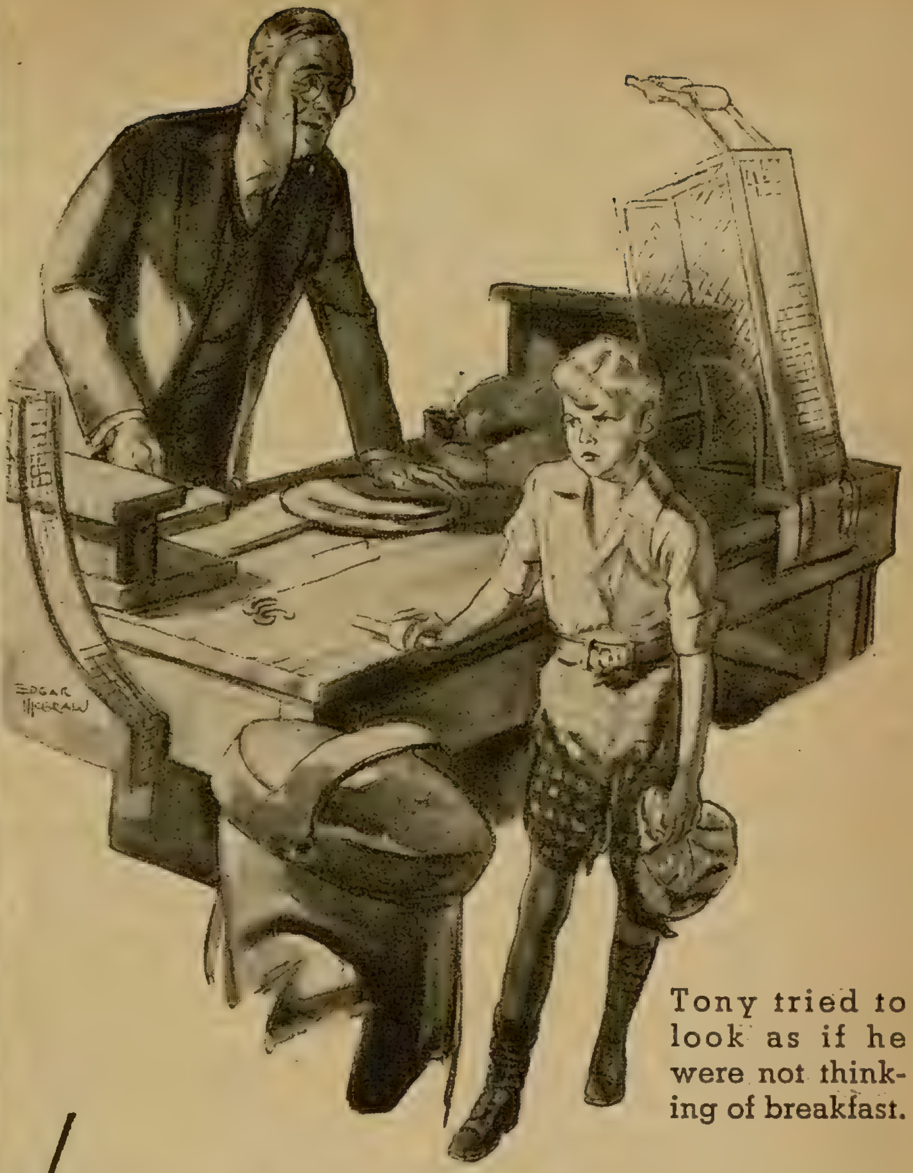
The boys usually went through Miller's pasture, and climbed Mr. Miller's fence, and let themselves cautiously down among the tangle of blackberry vines and wild cucumber and rust-covered odds and ends of iron and tin that lay just behind the building. Empty windows in the walls above them reflected the blue of the sky and the slow movement of white clouds. But half of one window near the ground reflected nothing at all, because the glass pane had been broken out of it. Through the entrance thus provided the boys crawled. Then they were in an enchanted world.

Into the big room inside the window light came in beautiful long slanting lines in which dust motes danced gaily. All along the walls were big tables, and here and there on the tables queer-shaped pieces of iron and little slivers of tin had been left. Once Tony had found a nickel half hidden in the dust of a corner. He hadn't taken the nickel away with him—he'd carefully placed it under one of the loose bricks in the floor. Knowing that it was there gave him the feeling of a pirate captain with a secret buried hoard. He didn't tell the other boys about it. You couldn't expect everybody to remember that the nickel had to be left there for whoever owned the building.

Just who did own the building none of the boys ever thought to inquire, but Tad Higgins, who was the oldest of the group, told them other things about it.



e to come and live with me and be my little boy?"



Tony tried to look as if he were not thinking of breakfast.

by FAITH ELLEN SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR McGRAW

"My dad used to work here," Tad said. "One day I brought him his lunch. There was a lot of men—I guess there was 'most a million of them—at all those tables."

"Eating their dinners?" somebody wanted to know.

"Eating nothing!" Tad informed them loftily. "Working. Working like everything."

Tony, who had a lively curiosity, asked, "Working at what?"

"Oh—things!" said Tad, and went racketing up the iron stairs to the second floor, followed by everybody but Tony.

Tony didn't care much for the second floor, where there were small rooms that had been offices and now had locked doors through whose glass panels you saw desks and chairs stacked on top of each other and one or two clocks that told conflicting fibs about the time.

He liked the heavy honey-colored sunlight that filled the lower room, the long tables, worn smooth and shiny by the rubbing of many hands, the feeling of a place holding its breath and waiting for something to happen. He wasn't afraid when the others went upstairs and left him there. The room felt cozy and friendly— as if it knew that he liked it and liked him in return.

When Tad came back Tony said proudly, "My father used to work here too. He used to work at one of those tables . . . I think maybe it was that one over there."

"How do you know?" Tad asked. "You were only a little bitty baby when this place was closed up. I'll bet you don't remember anything about it."

"He did, so, work here," Tony said, suddenly feeling small and young and as if he might cry. And some of the older boys said that Tony's father had indeed worked there, and the conversation turned to other things.

All the way home that afternoon Tony thought of his father standing at the long table with the light slanting across his red hair. He could remember his father quite well, and perhaps as a baby he had actually seen him there.

He left the other boys when he came to the corner of Vine Street and walked along Vine until he came to Aunt Ann's door. Vine Street seemed unbearably dirty and noisy after the quiet roominess of the building near the river. Ash and garbage cans stood in front of the old red-brick buildings, and the former contents of some of the cans had strayed out on to the walk. Two very dirty little boys were playing in a miry puddle at the edge of the curb—paddling about in it with a woman's once-white slipper badly run over at the heel. They tried to splash Tony as he went past them.

Tony went down three steps and opened Aunt Ann's door and felt his way through a little hall, as black as midnight to eyes that had grown accustomed to sun. Behind the closed door Aunt Ann was talking. Her voice was the one she reserved for the Relief lady—a low voice that still gave the impression of wailing. She was saying, ". . . five children of my own and my husband's brother's child. They ought to give us more money for taking care of him. The doctor says he's got to have milk and eggs. How can you buy milk and eggs on twelve dollars a week when you've got eight to feed? He'd have been in an institution if we hadn't taken him in and given him the very bread out of the mouths of our own . . ."

Tony blinked and for a moment Time stood still, and it seemed as if always, always, Tony would be standing in the dark hall, smelling the mingled odors of cooking and soapsuds and not too clean human habitation, hearing Aunt Ann's voice whining on and on, and knowing that he was a burden. Then both Time and Tony moved again, and he opened the door and went into the living room.

The Relief lady looked at him, eyes remote and impersonal and weary. "I've tried to have your allowance increased, Mrs. Turner," she said. "But there are so many demands."

"Tony has to have a quart of milk a day," Aunt Ann wailed. "I do my best. No one could manage better than I do. I've never had to accept charity before. My husband's ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War. We're not ordinary people. We—"

The Relief lady, who had heard all this many times before, rose wearily. "I'll see what I can do," she promised. Her eyes measured Tony, weighed him. "You'd better take him to the clinic next week," she said. "He looks decidedly undernourished and underweight."

When the Relief lady had gone, Aunt Ann's voice reverted to normal. "Where have you been?" she demanded loudly. "Playing, I suppose! And me with the baby to take care of and the washing to do and everything else. It's a great thing to be a fine gentleman. You're just like your father and your mother. Better than everybody else, whether they had a dime to bless themselves with or not. Do a lick of work? Not they—if they could get out of it. Now go and clean up the kitchen. I've got to see Mrs. McGuinness."

TONY hung some garments to dry in the scrap of back yard—standing on a chair to reach the line. He stood on the chair again and pulled the stoppers out of two washtubs and watched, with some faint interest, the water swirl and gurgle down the pipe. He started to mop the kitchen floor, but midway in the task grew so weary that he sat down and stared blankly at the mop—and then the baby woke and cried and Aunt Ann came hurrying across the hall from Mrs. McGuinness's, scolding as she came. "My back can't be turned a minute," she said, "but what things start going at sixes and sevens. It seems like you might do something for your keep."

So Tony got up and went on with the floor, and before he had quite finished, his four little girl cousins came back from the playground, and it was time to let himself think about supper.

Tony always ate enormous meals. Usually, before he sat down to the table, he made up his mind that he would *not* eat enormously—and then he went and did it! Tonight he consumed all of a plateful of canned pork and beans and two pieces of bread and a cup of tea into which Aunt Ann had poured a tablespoonful of milk. Aunt Ann said to Uncle Ed, "The way things are going up, I guess we'll all be living on sawdust in a couple more weeks," and looked pointedly at Tony. He was the one that was eating everybody else out of house and home. He should be able to stop it, but he wasn't. Even after all those beans and two slices of bread, his selfish little stomach cried out for more food.

It was while he was standing on the chair washing the dishes that he heard Aunt Ann and Uncle Ed talking in the living room.

"No wonder we can't sleep," Aunt Ann said. "Hot as it is, and flies and mosquitoes and all—and laying on one thin mattress that's all bumps and hollows. If we could put that other mattress on top of it—"

"WHAT would Tony sleep on if we did?" Uncle Ed asked. His voice was slow and lazy, like all the rest of him. Uncle Ed, too, had red hair, but Tony was sure that was the only way in which he resembled Father. Father hadn't come home on Saturday nights so strangely and suddenly ill that he had to go right to bed and to sleep. Father had been fine and strong and kind. Father had—

"Tony!" Aunt Ann said. "*Tony!* All I hear is Tony this and Tony that! You'd think he was a little tin god. You take the bread out of your own children's mouths to give him. You take the mattress out from under your own wife for him to sleep on . . ." Her voice went on and on and grew higher and higher. By the time she said, "I wish I'd never seen the red-headed brat!" she was screaming.

Tony let the water go out of the sink and rinsed out the dishcloth and hung it neatly on the tap. He wanted to do everything well, so that they'd remember he'd been a neat little boy, even if he had been a red-headed brat who ate them out of house and home and slept on the extra mattress. He hoped they'd miss him. He even hoped Aunt Ann would cry for him. Then, suddenly, with a depth of insight that he didn't himself understand, he hoped that she would not cry too much for him. He was sorry for Aunt Ann and Uncle Ed and every one else in the world—including himself.

He washed his hands and got down from the chair and went into the living room. Uncle Ed sat in a corner reading the paper. Aunt Ann was flinging the disputed mattress down on the floor where, customarily, Tony slept. Her eyes were red and angry, and she didn't even ask him where he was going when he went past her into the dark little hall and closed the door behind him.

Again for a moment in the dark hall, Time and he stood still. The two older cousins were playing in the street. The two younger ones were with the baby in the bedroom. He could hear their voices there, and his heart went out to all of them, leaving in its place a great dull pain. "I'll never see them again," he thought, and a sob rose up in his throat and almost choked him. Then he went on, through the hall, to the street.

He knew exactly where he was going. It would be a little scary, but it would be better than staying at home, eating Uncle Ed and Aunt Ann out of house and home and sleeping on their mattress and getting in their way. He went down Vine Street, past groups of playing screaming children, past the ash and garbage cans, past weary-looking people who were trying to find some coolness in the summer night either by leaning out of their windows or by sitting on the front doorsteps.

Turning into Main, where he had parted from the boys that afternoon, he was surrounded by great buildings shrouded in dusk, with only a few lighted windows in their tier after tier of offices. There were quite a few people on the street, but nobody paid any attention to him. He was just another thin little boy going somewhere about his own business. None of those people knew that he had left Uncle Ed and Aunt Ann forever. None of them cared. His heart came up in his throat and pounded in his ears. The city was not a very large one, but it was the largest he had ever known. The stars were far away and pale in the darkening sky. Everything else seemed at this hour so big—and he was so small. He was suddenly terribly afraid.

But he mustn't be afraid. That was something Father had told him, back in those long-ago days that he could scarcely remember. That, it seemed, was one of the things that characterized a gentleman whose ancestors had fought in the Revolutionary War—you did right and then you had nothing to be afraid of, whatever happened. Tony was doing right. He was taking himself out of the way so that there would be more food and another mattress for the rest. So, surely, he had nothing to be afraid of.

When he turned on to the long walk that led to Mr. Miller's house, the air was a little cooler. Crickets were singing on people's lawns, and here and there, from somebody's open windows, came the music of a radio. When he climbed the fence into Mr. Miller's field, the grass was cool and wet with dew, and all at once the stars seemed near and bright and friendly. Mr. Miller's cows had all gone home to bed, and though he listened and looked for a lion or a tiger, none was there. Without mishap he came to the farther fence, climbed it, and dropped, guided by instinct and memory rather than by sight, into the tangle of bushes and debris behind the big building.

HE stood, with brambles stinging his legs and mosquitoes biting his neck and face, and was more desperately afraid than he had ever been in his life. The building wasn't *his* dear building any more. It was a strange dark place of mystery. It seemed to him that horrible faces regarded him from its windows. He thought of the big White Things that Aunt Ann said came by night to get bad little boys and carry them off. He began to cry, and his little body shook all over in response to the frantic beating of his heart.

He couldn't go back across the dark meadow and be chased by the White Things, or picked up by a policeman, or, almost as bad, arrive at home and be scolded and probably whipped by Aunt Ann. He couldn't face the unknown terrors of the dark building. He couldn't stay where he was and be eaten by lions or tigers or bears. There was just nothing at all that he *could* do.

So he stood there in the scrap heap and cried—not as a man of almost eight may cry, now and then, with pain or rage; but unrestrainedly, as terrified babies cry. His shrieks drifted away on what little breeze there was, and got lost in the vastness of the night. Nothing happened—except that a few more mosquitoes, having discovered that dinner was served, came and got it.

And then calmness came upon him and a sort of fierce and desperate courage. He thought of Father working in the big room inside those dark walls, and felt certain that if Father were in his place he would do what he had set out to do without being afraid. He stumbled through the clinging vines and bushes and got to the window and managed to pull himself up and over the low sill.

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It was better inside the building. The long room wasn't quite dark, for the shimmer of starlight came through its windows, and even though the tables looked a little like crouching White Things, they were only tables. Anyway by now Tony was too tired to be much afraid of anything. Still sobbing, but no longer shrieking, he went over to the table where he thought Father had worked, and crawled under it. Almost at once his sobs died down and became a gentle deep breathing. Lying like an exhausted little dog on the hard bricks of the floor, Tony slept.

He had the nicest dream—a dream of which later he could remember only that some one was near him, comforting him, loving him, talking to him—and then the talking came out of the dream and became real, and Tony opened his eyes to the familiar vista of the room flooded by sun and saw a stout gray-haired man pacing up and down there, talking not to Tony but to himself.

"Finished," this man was saying. He took a few more steps. "—like everything else." Pace. Pace. "What the hell do I care? Nobody left to work for—"

Tony stirred beneath the table, realizing that he was stiff and sore from sleeping on a bed even harder than Aunt Ann's mattress. The man didn't notice the movement. His face puckered into a deeper frown—a frown that looked as if it covered a desire to cry. "If Winifred had lived—if there'd been any children—but this way—"

Tony's mind woke completely up and began working again. This, he thought, must be the owner of the place. What would he do to a little boy caught trespassing there? The window was too far away to run to. The gray-haired man could catch him before he got halfway there. He'd just have to lie still and hope that the man would go away.

"No money to go on with—don't belong in this new age. Quit—and get what fun out of life I can—at sixty."

It seemed to Tony that he would die if he didn't get up from the hard floor; if he didn't at least turn over and let the other side of him lie against the bricks. Yet he might not have moved had he been able to help it. As it was, he couldn't help it. It had been almost cold in the night, and when he had come through the pasture and the bushes and brambles, his clothes had got wet with dew. So now, without his knowing that they were going to do so, his legs and arms and head gave a sudden jerk, and—"A-choo!" said Tony loudly.

The gray-haired man whirled around. "What's that?" he demanded. And a red-headed little boy whose face, what with dust and dried tears and a few mosquito bites, looked like a face in a comic strip, rose like a wraith from behind the table and faltered, "It's—it's—just—me!"

The man stared at Tony and Tony stared at the man. After a moment Tony said, "I didn't take anything. I didn't even take the nickel. I'll go away now."

He started toward the window—a thin ragged little boy who walked stiffly and wearily on his cramped little legs.

"WAIT!" the man said. "Wait—sonny." There was something in his voice that Tony hadn't heard for a long time in any voice—something kind and gentle and heart-warming that he seemed to remember in his father's voice. It made him feel terribly ashamed that he had come into the man's building, where he had no business to be.

He came back, saying, "I didn't take the nickel—honest, I didn't. It's under that loose brick over there. I'll get it for you."

He went and got the nickel and held it out in his small grimy paw.

"Keep it, sonny," the man said with a smile. Then he added, "No, wait a minute. Let's see it."

He took it in his hand and held it a long way from his eyes and squinted at it. "Can you read the date on it?" he asked.

Tony could, but he didn't need to. He'd looked at that coin often enough to remember the date on it. "It's 1880," he said.

The morning sunlight came brightly through the windows and fell on the man holding the nickel; on Tony, standing meekly before him, wondering if he dared again attempt to go. In the bushes behind the building a bird sang shrilly. In spite of good resolutions to the contrary, Tony began to think about breakfast.

The man said, "It might be—"

Tony tried to look as if he were not thinking of breakfast, because the man seemed to want to say something else. After a little he said it:

"Son, when I was a little older than you I went to work blacking shoes. The first customer I had gave me a nickel. It was the first money I'd ever earned, and even though I wanted to spend it, I didn't. I kept it."

"Yes, sir," Tony said politely. Suddenly he was thinking very hard about breakfast. Suddenly he was wondering where little boys got their breakfasts after they had run away from their homes.

"Yes, sir," the man echoed. "I kept it. For more than forty years I carried it in my pocket. It was foolish, but I came to feel as if it were a lucky nickel, because as long as I had it, things seemed to come pretty much my way. Then one day—right here in this building—I lost it."

"And didn't you have good luck any more?" Tony asked. Strange that he'd never noticed before how the bricks of that floor rose and fell beneath your feet when you stood on them. Strange that suddenly there seemed to be two gray-haired men instead of one, and that the two sort of flowed and ran into each other the way cooky men sometimes do when they are being baked.

"RIGHT after I lost it," the man said, "the bottom seemed to fall out of everything. I had to close down the plant, or run at a loss. The stock market—Here, what's the matter?"

Polite little boy though he tried to be, Tony didn't answer. The floor gave one tremendous heave, and he flopped down on it, a limp light little object that seemed to weigh nothing at all when the man carried it through the unboarded front door to the big car that was waiting outside.

When Tony came to himself he was in the softest bed he had ever felt. A pretty young lady in a white cap and apron was beside him. Beside him also were the stout man of this morning and a younger thinner man dressed all in white. The younger man said a word that sounded like "malnutrition," and the man who owned the lucky nickel blew his nose hard, and the pretty girl said, "Drink this, dear," and held a glass of orange juice to Tony's lips.

Looking across the top of the glass, Tony saw a poached egg regarding him pleasantly with its bright yellow eye from a plate in the girl's other hand. He immediately sat up and lost interest in everything else.

Consequently he didn't hear much of the conversation going on between the two men, and didn't understand all of what he did hear.

"I remember his father," the man who owned the nickel said. "He was one of my best workmen. Good stuff in the boy. Good stuff in the wife, too. The brother never amounted to a row of bent pins."

The man in white said, "This youngster has been to the clinic a few times. Seems a manly little fellow. Intelligent. Sensitive."

"Sensitive!"

Tony, looking up from his egg and toast, was glad to see the older man was one again instead of two. He'd like to ask if it hurt to multiply into two that way—but the question probably wouldn't be polite.

"Sensitive!" the man said. "He saved that nickel because he thought it didn't belong to him, and he was—starving. That was the darn silliest, noblest thing for a kid to do I ever heard of."

A few minutes later, as far as Tony was concerned, the conversation got entirely out of hand.

". . . was ready to leave the darn place closed. I felt too old to start again. Take a loan. Save and slave to pay it back. We've come to the end of the old cycle. We've got to live for the future, not the past. And I had no future. I didn't stop to think that, whether I had a personal stake in it or not, there had to *be* a future for kids like him, until that nickel took me back forty-five years. If he's got any of his father's spirit in him, he'll be able to carry on—if I educate him."

"The Turners seem perfectly willing," the man in white said. "Relieved, if anything. A legal adoption—"

Tony had finished the last crumb of his breakfast. He looked at the two men, who turned and looked at him.

The gray-haired man said in the kindest voice imaginable, "Tony, your aunt and uncle are downstairs. You see, they'd reported that you were lost, and a good many people were looking for you, so I didn't have any trouble finding out who you were. Well, before your uncle and aunt come up, tell me—do you think you'd like to come and live with me and be my little boy?"

Tony considered this. He wouldn't go on eating Aunt Ann and Uncle Ed out of house and home if he became somebody else's little boy. He'd hear this pleasant kind voice instead of Aunt Ann's scolding. He— Why, probably he could play in the big building near the river whenever he wanted to! He drew a deep ecstatic breath. But he was an honest little boy. There was one thing he had to say.

"I—I eat an awful lot," said Tony.

The gray-haired man took off his glasses and wiped both his eyes. When he spoke he sounded as if he had a cold.

"Bless you," he said. "The more you eat, the better I'll like it."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—Mary Garden.

2—"Breathes there the man with soul so dead."

3—Four times.

4—Amos 'n' Andy.

5—One.

6—"Blood is thicker than water."

7—Al Araf, the midheaven of the Koran.

8—Samuel F. Smith, Baptist clergyman, editor, poet.

9—By pouring oil on the water surrounding the ship.

10—Mae West.

11—1936.

12—Both cities were famed for the manufacture of fine steel weapons.

13—As loud as possible.

14—Six cents on a package of twenty cigarettes.

15—Somaliland.

16—An American red squirrel.

17—All three appear among Shakespeare's writings.

18—"I remain, with the profoundest veneration, Your Majesty's most faithful subject and dutiful Servant."

19—A Chihuahua.

20—Edwin Forrest

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New Thrills in a Saga of Desert Bayonets—The Truth, Never Told Before, of the Tigris Expedition

by

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Marching Madmen

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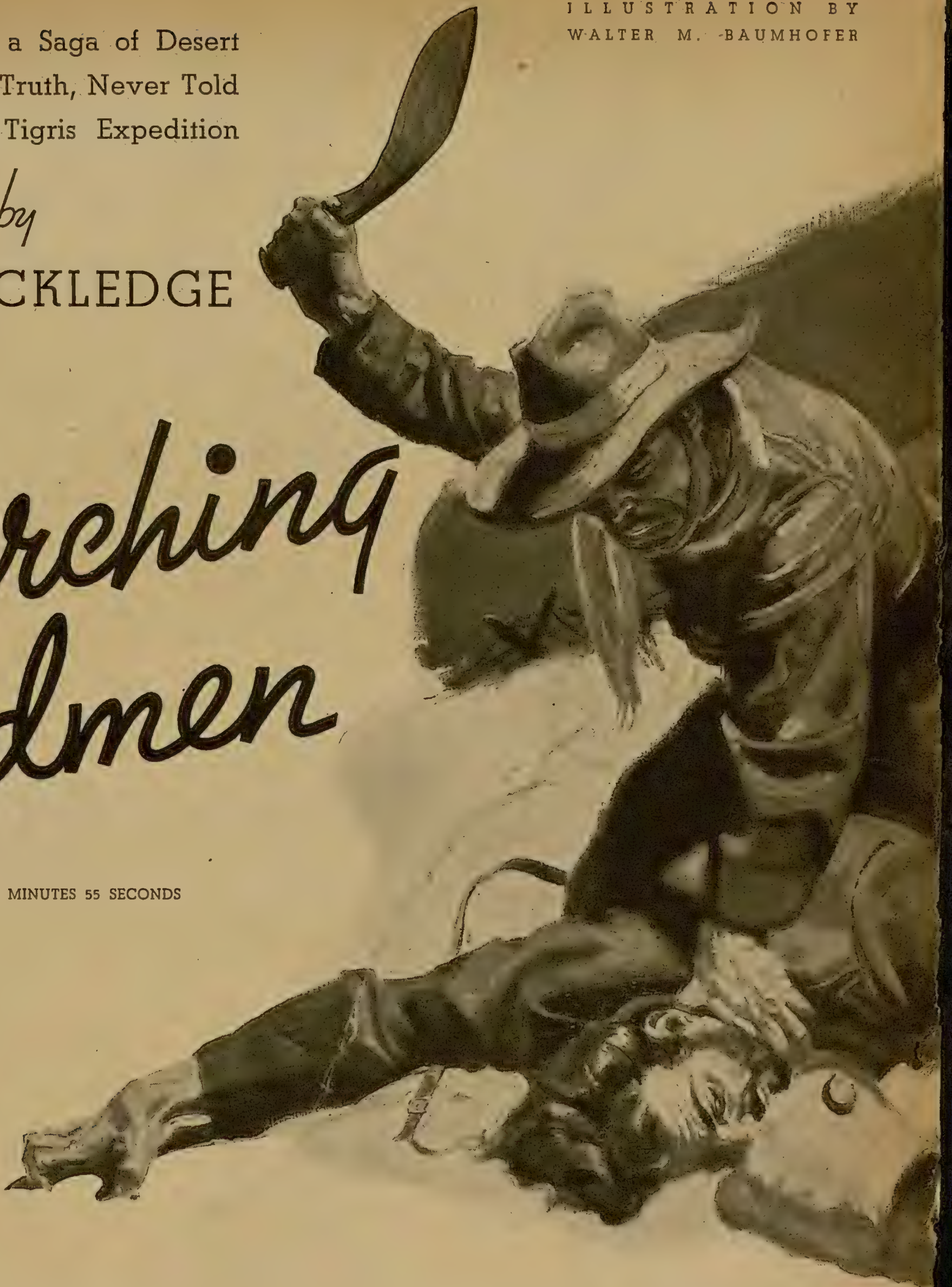
ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER



DEFEATED at Ctesiphon, Townshend's exhausted troops accomplished a remarkable retreat under the pursuing Turks' very noses. Part of it, especially at Umm-ul-Tubul, was a run-and-halt battle against overwhelming odds, and all of it was grueling in the extreme. They reached Kut—a beaten army, held in contempt by the town's Arabs—on December 3, 1915, and there General Townshend informed them that he would retire no farther, and that reinforcements from Basra were being sent to them.

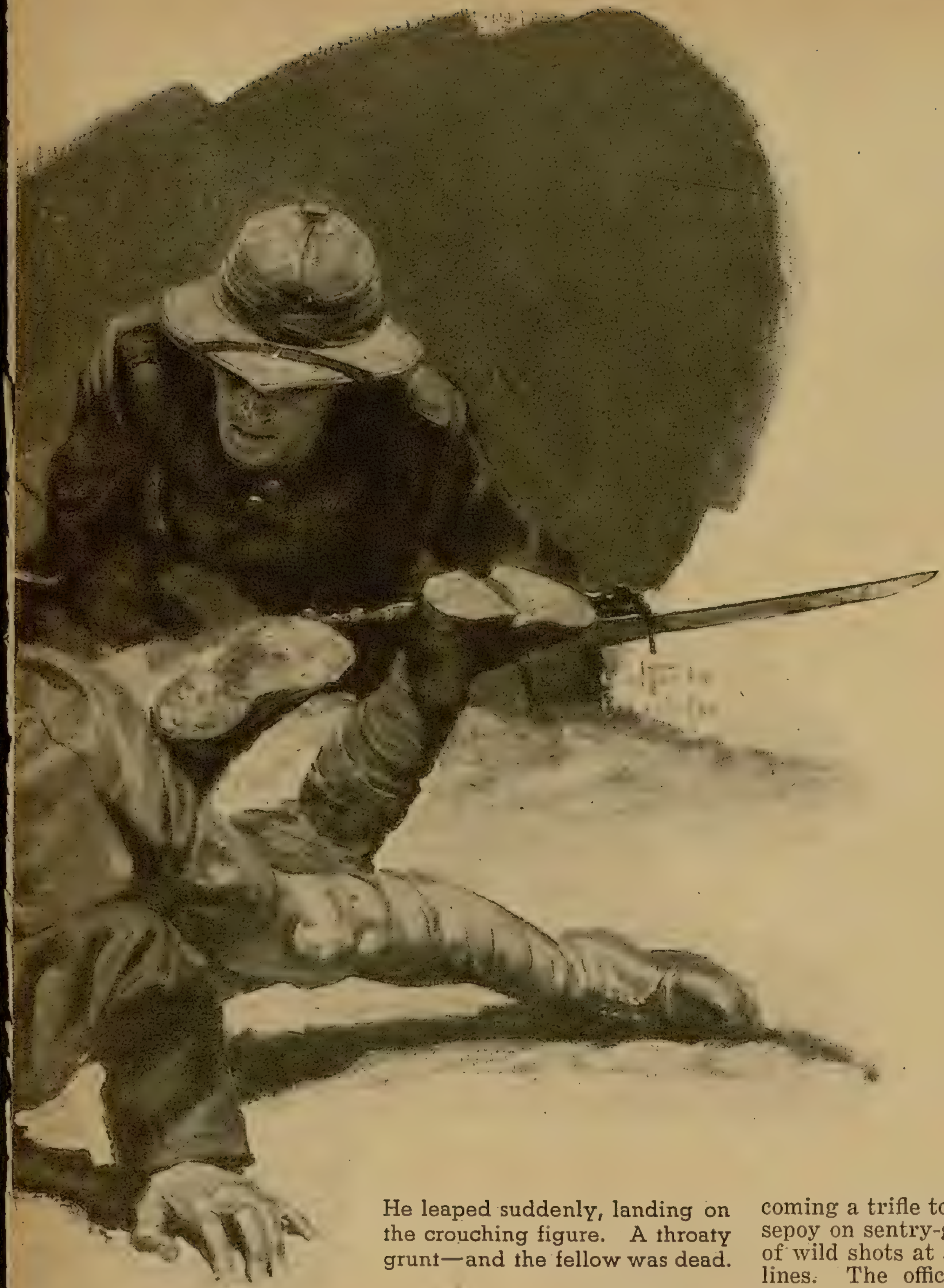
They accordingly dug in and proceeded to show the world that they could "take it" as few besieged forces had ever done. They discovered that the Turkish gunners were being tipped off by Arab spies in their own midst, and managed to shoot a few Arabs in the act of slipping across the river. About this time Tiger found Latifah in the town; she insisted that she knew a secret passage out of it. Before he could decide what to do, he was wounded and laid up in the hospital three weeks. If he now reported her, tardily, he would be punished; if he didn't, the spies would no doubt carry on, to his comrades' cost, by means of that passage. Between this crushing dilemma and malaria, he collapsed and was carried raving from the trenches.

PART FIVE—FAMINE, PESTILENCE, DEATH . . . AND SURRENDER

FORTUNATELY none who heard my delirium credited what I said. I went back to work after a few days, somewhat better, and spent Christmas Eve helping defend the old fort. That Christian date meant nothing to Johnny Turk. It was just another occasion for a heavy bombardment.

By midnight we were forced to retire to our second wall of defense. Which meant that Johnny was in possession of the first line. Naturally his big guns ceased then, for he was afraid of hitting his own men.

We charged back to the front line, throwing bombs.



He leaped suddenly, landing on the crouching figure. A throaty grunt—and the fellow was dead.

There was a short swift hand-to-hand scuffle with butt and bayonet, and the Turks were dislodged. Not many of them got away. The trench was filled with the dead. They were tossed over the barbed-wire entanglements.

Christmas Day dawned and Johnny kept on sending his presents. When the shellfire died down later in the morning we could hear the enemy digging!

They had come up under the bombardment and dug in. They had dug in under our very noses, less than eighty yards away!

We went over the top, leaped the wire, and yelled our way toward their new trenches.

In a few moments there was the hideous spectacle of two opposing forces of men throwing bombs at each other at about twelve yards' distance. But the Turk turned and bolted, leaving bloody losses. His assaulting columns away behind him dared not come up, and we had to scuttle back, because our artillery boys started throwing a curtain of howitzer fire over us.

After that we got a little respite while re-entrenching around the old fort and piling up sandbags afresh. In late afternoon we discovered that some of the enemy had crawled out to those new earthworks again, for now the place was being used as a sniping post.

They started to snipe us. We let them carry on until darkness descended. Then a party of ten of us crept through the wire and crawled on our bellies toward the sniping post.

It was a night black as a pit; we could hardly see a yard ahead. Grim still shapes were strewn about. Faint sounds came to us. Once I bumped against a dead Turk—and recoiled. I must have cried out, for the sergeant punched me in the ribs. Then we lay flat as the landscape for agonizing moments, listening.

Marching madmen — growing madder—on our bellies!

At length the sergeant raised himself a couple of inches, and started to crawl forward again. We followed. Slowly, cautiously, we drew near our objective. We must have spent the better part of an hour covering those few yards. I thought we couldn't possibly make it without those devils hearing us.

Before we realized it, however, we were on top of those heaps of earth and rubble. Not a sound came from them! Had we come on a fool's errand? Could the snipers have slipped back to their front line?

"Come on!" hoarsely whispered the sergeant.

WE went in a bunch, making a hell dive. The snipers were asleep! They woke to be stabbed to death. A series of startled yelps, then grunts and gurgles.

We climbed out of the holes and ran a double-up race back to the fort. . . .

Nineteen hundred and sixteen! The old year went and the new came in, but it made no difference at Kut. There was an incident on New Year's Day of the kind that was becoming a trifle too common among the Indian troops. A sepoy on sentry-go suddenly turned about, fired a couple of wild shots at an officer, and then ran for the Turkish lines. The officer's skin stayed whole, but one shot wounded Cockney Joe severely. The sepoy was caught, court-martialed, and shot.

There were quite a number of sepoys deserting to the enemy at this time. There was a lot of self-mutilation, too—trigger fingers being shot off to avoid further service.

Another disquieting thing was the sight of new Turkish divisions marching down the bank of the Tigris toward our relieving force. We could see them from the top of the fort, column after column, miles of men and guns and transport.

Steve and I looked at each other then.

"I guess we ain't got a chance in hell!" I had never heard him talk in that fashion before.

"Steve, if you knew of—of a safe way out of Kut—what would you do?"

"Don't be a sap, Tiger! There ain't no safe way out."

"But supposing we were to discover one—a secret way not known to Divisional Headquarters—what then?"

"Say, Tiger! You talking about deserting?"

"No. I'm suggesting that if we could find a way out, we might take a chance."

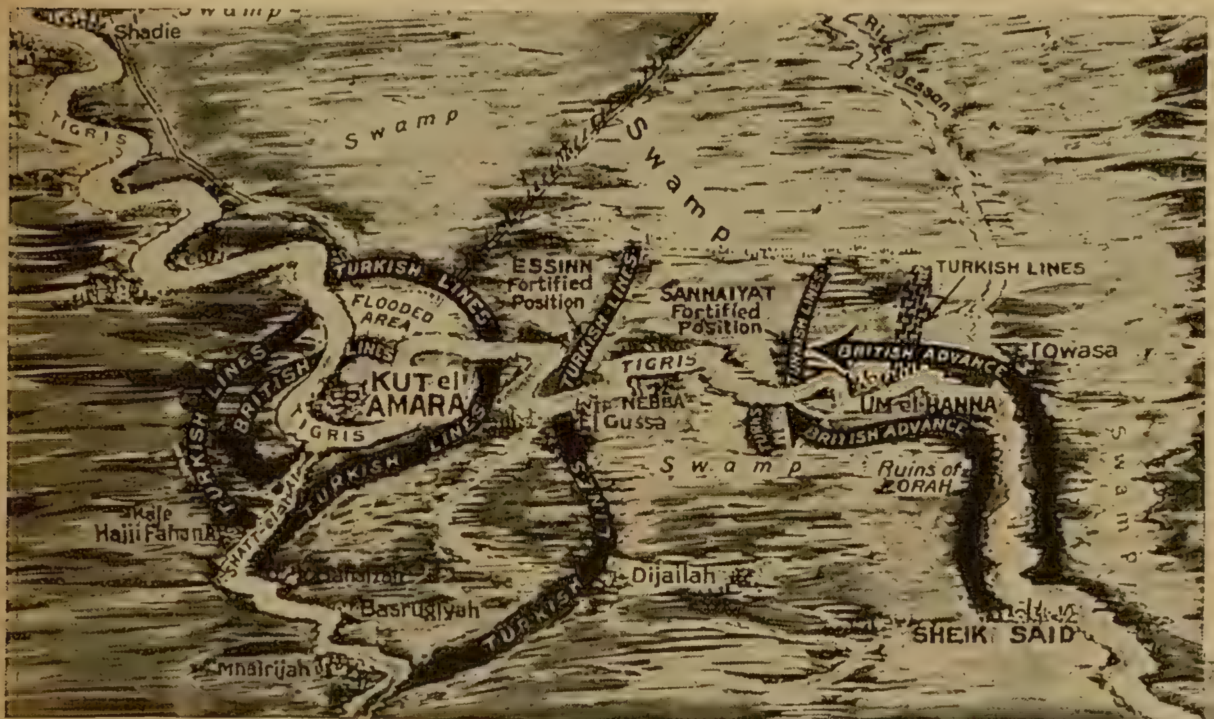
"Huh! Where in hell could we go?"

"There are only two routes a Britisher would take," I said. "He'd either cross to the Persian border or go downstream to link up with the relief force."

"In either case he'd be caught and—handed over to the women. I'd rather starve to death!"

"Well, we're on half-rations now, Steve. And you've seen what the relief force must break through."

"It's a hell of a prospect. But your crazy hunch is worse, Tiger. And the river's in flood, and I'm no great shakes at swimming, and—"



The long siege of Kut, from a wartime map. Note the British entrenchments, the surrounding Turkish lines, and the failure of the British relief force to penetrate farther than Hanna and Sannaiyat. Right: Turkish infantrymen going over the top.

"Listen, Steve. Swimming the river never entered my head. There *is* a way out—a dry way."

"A *what?* Secret passage?"

"Yes. Latifah came into Kut weeks after we took over, and now she's disappeared again—got out again."

"All right, Tiger. Supposing she comes back—and supposing she'll show us this passage—what then?"

"At best, the opportunity to get out and make contact with the relieving force, to tell 'em the true state of affairs in Kut—which they don't seem to appreciate—and to tell 'em about this way into the town."

"Ain't you got this all wrong, Tiger? Couldn't our own headquarters right here use that information to good advantage?"

"STEVE, I've thought of this thing for weeks from every possible angle. The point is that if Latifah knows of a way out, quite a number of Arabs in the town must know of it too. If, as a last resort, headquarters should try to use it, wouldn't spies know and give the game away to Johnny? Besides, it isn't likely to be a passage that would accommodate troops marching four abreast—to say nothing of the transport that must move with them if they weren't to starve to death outside."

And so we argued until late that night—not that it made much difference, for Latifah wasn't on tap.

Days were to come when any way out would have been a good way. The longer we were besieged, the more securely the enemy could entrench around us. Our engineers estimated there must be between thirty and forty miles of earthworks hemming us in.

There occurred at this stage an incident that has never ceased to puzzle me. Marshal von der Goltz, the German commander in chief of the Turkish force, was spotted while paying a visit with his staff to the trenches opposite the old fort. Immediately our artillery opened fire upon him and he had to clear out in a hurry. Nothing would have pleased the boys more than to make a direct hit upon the trench he was inspecting. But he escaped.

That was not all. When it was learned at our Divisional Headquarters that an attempt had been made to blow the Turkish army's commander in chief to hell, there was a terrific hullabaloo. Inquiries were set afoot as to why such a thing had been done, who had dared to give such an order, who had been responsible for throwing shells in the immediate vicinity of the German general commanding the enemy forces!

Apparently the general officer commanding an army is not cannon fodder!

During the month of February, 1916, we were harassed to death by repeated night and day attacks. On the starvation diet we were fast becoming physical wrecks. The canned corned beef had given out; we started to kill our horses and mules for meat. Famine stared us in the face and we couldn't do a thing about it. And all over the place men were dropping like rotten sheep with disease.

There was not a physically fit man in the town of Kut. We were being ravaged by a queer gnawing hunger that horse meat and black bread in no way appeased—and by every sort of fever, by cholera, smallpox, dysentery, boils, and skin eruptions. We had, too, the spectacle of skinny and emaciated natives walking streets, mere bundles of bones wrapped in rags, pleading piteously for grub.

It left us cold to learn that the relief force was slow because of the lack of adequate transport.

It was during this month that a German monoplane came over and the pilot started to drop bombs. He didn't do a lot of damage—except to our morale. We took machine guns up on the housetops and scared him off.

We had 2,930 casualties up to March 1, and on that day the enemy opened another of his blasting bombardments, using shrapnel and lyddite. Three German monoplanes dropped about fifty bombs, most of them on the hospital—a converted bazaar, where the Red Cross flag flew—killing sick and wounded in their beds. Cockney Joe must have had an uncomfortable time of it.

We peppered away at them with the machine guns, but never a hit was registered. Such improvised antiaircraft guns were of little use.

We knew, of course, that efforts were being made to relieve us. One desperate one resulted in the Battle of Hanna. It must have been more than twenty miles from Kut, but from the rooftops we could see the belching smoke and hear the thunder of heavy guns. We watched for hours, hoping against hope to see the relief force come up over the skyline. It didn't come. The battle was a washout.

In the second week of March another big battle was fought. A thick haze lay over the land and we could see little of what was going on, though the guns told us some one was trying!

We stood by to break out of Kut by means of our one remaining steamer and a few Arab boats—but again the relief force didn't advance. We listened to its efforts for two days. Another try had fallen short.

Khalil Pasha sent General Townshend a cheering little communication on the tenth:

> YOUR EXCELLENCY:
>
> The English forces which came to relieve you were compelled to retreat after giving battle at Felahieh and suffering seven thousand casualties.
>
> After this retreat, General Aylmer, who was a month and a half making his preparations, yesterday when he thought he was strong enough resumed the offensive with the 5th, 6th, 8th, and 12th Brigades of Infantry and one cavalry brigade on the right bank of the Tigris, as you saw. But he was again compelled to retreat, with 4,000 casualties, and I am left with adequate forces.
>
> For your part, you have heroically fulfilled your military duty. From henceforth I see no likelihood that you will be relieved. According to your deserters, I believe that you are without food and that diseases are prevalent among your troops. You are free to continue your resistance at Kut, or to surrender to my forces, which are growing larger and larger.
>
> Receive, General, the assurances of our highest consideration.
>
> KHALIL,
> Commander Turkish Forces in Iraq.

Naturally, we knew nothing of this at the time; but the general depression increased. Our graveyard grew fatter and fatter—and we were down to our last few horses!

"Would you take that way out now, Steve?" I demanded.

"Betcha sweet life I would, Tiger! There ain't no point in sticking around here any more. Johnny's got us licked, I guess—not that we're taking it lying down."

We were on the flat roof of a house, squatting under a tarpaulin with a machine gun. We missed that cheerful cuss Cockney Joe, who was recovering from his wound slowly. We sat and stared at the rain coming straight down in sheets—feeling lower and lower by the moment.

I think the troops remained stanch because there was nothing else a white man could do. But a great many of them would have cleared out if they could have without deserting to the enemy.

I DON'T suppose any of us were altogether normal in those days. We were being shot to death, starved to death, scared to death. Tetanus, that arched a man's back in the last agonizing death throes, was now claiming many victims. Dysentery would bring down a whole company at once. Fevers spread because medical and antibacterial supplies were giving out. Sentries fainted at their posts. How could men remain sane?

About the middle of March a message came to General Townshend from Sir Percy Lake, who had superseded Sir John Nixon as commander in chief in Iraq. It read:

> I can realize to the full, and sympathize most deeply with, the disappointment which both you and your command must feel at our recent failure to relieve you. Rest assured, however, that we shall not abandon the effort, and that for the next attempt the maximum force will be employed.

Before March went out General Gorringe had superseded General Aylmer as commander of the relief force. There did not appear to be much confidence in the higher command. Half the Expeditionary Force D had gone west. Iraq was becoming a graveyard not only of men but of reputations. In Kut we continued to hang on.

General Townshend's communiqués to his troops became more frequent and more frank:

> I am speaking to you as I did before, straight from the heart, and, as I say, I ask your sympathy for my feelings, having promised you relief on certain dates on the promise of those ordered to relieve us. Not their fault, no doubt—do not think that I blame them. They are giving their lives freely, and deserve our gratitude and admiration. I want you to help me again as before. . . . I have had to reduce your ration. It is necessary to do this in order to keep the Flag flying. I am determined to hold out and I know you are with me in this heart and soul.

We were turned out to search the native quarters, run down rumors of cannibalism. We could find no evidence of it. But everywhere we found men, women, and children emaciated beyond belief. Women and children remained in their beds because they had become too weak to stand. They were little more than huddled bones in dirty blankets.

ON the tenth of April General Townshend issued a communiqué that showed how near the end we were:

> The result of the attack of the Relief Force on the Turks entrenched in the Sannaiyat position is that the Relief has not yet won its way through, but is entrenched close up to the Turks, in places some two to three hundred yards distant. General Gorringe wired me last night that he was consolidating his position as close to the enemy's trenches as he can get, with the intention of attacking again. . . .
>
> I am compelled therefore to appeal to you all to make a determined effort to eke out our scanty means so that I can hold out for certain till our comrades arrive, and I know I shall not appeal to you in vain.
>
> I have then to reduce our rations to five ounces of meal for all ranks, British and Indian. In this way I can hold out to 21st April, if it becomes necessary, and it is my duty to take all precautions in my power.
>
> I am very sorry I can no longer favor the Indian soldiers in the matter of meal. It must be remembered that there is plenty of horseflesh which they have been authorized by their religious leaders to eat, and I have to recall with sorrow that

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> by not having taken advantage of this wise and just dispensation, they have weakened my power of resistance by one month.
>
> In my communiqué to you of 26th January, I told you that our duty stood out plain and simple. . . . Well! You have nobly carried out your mission; you have nobly answered the trust and appeal I made to you. The whole British Empire, let me tell you, is ringing now with our defense of Kut. You will all be proud to say one day: "I was one of the garrison at Kut!" . . .

Nevertheless, many of the Indians would not eat horse. Despite dispensations, they died for their religious principles—at the rate of ten a day. Soon Britishers were dying off too. And now we were making "examples" of attempts at desertion to the enemy by Indians who were caught in the act.

A great deal of this resulted from Turkish propaganda. Johnny was depositing bunches of leaflets in the trenches occupied by the Indians. These enjoined the Indian Moslems to break away from the starving British and come over to their brother Moslems, the Turks, who promised each a piece of land and wives.

This had to be stopped. Men were detailed to go over the wire into no man's land, there to wait and watch for the arrival of Johnny with more leaflets. We lay in the dirt for hours, night after night, waiting and listening. In our weakened condition it was almost impossible to keep awake, and the effort was agonizing.

I recall lying behind a heap of dirt with a Gurkha—one of India's finest and toughest warriors—when the dread sleepiness came over me. I begged the little fellow to prod me awake if I should drop off.

I fell asleep. I must have slept three or four hours. I was suddenly awakened by feeling his hand over my mouth. He was afraid I might shout as I woke.

It took me several seconds to gather my wits. My companion grinned, pointed. I stared into the dimness—and made out the figure of Johnny inching toward us on his belly.

Very, very gradually he drew nearer. A bundle hung from his neck—the leaflets, no doubt.

I saw that my Gurkha companion had drawn his knife. He held it ready to strike but with the blade buried in the dirt so as not to show. He was poised for the leap. I dared not utter a word then, dared not remind him that we had orders to take Johnny back alive. It was too late. The slightest sound would have ruined everything.

He leaped suddenly, landing on the back of the crouching figure, burying his knife in its neck. A throaty grunt —and the fellow was dead.

"You've finished him! Now there'll be hell to pay! You knew we had to take him in for questioning."

"Him dirty swine, *sahib*," grinned the Gurkha.

"The orders were to take him in alive," I insisted.

"*Atcha, sahib.* We wait. We catch another Johnny."

"Wait my foot! Come on! We'll say it was an accident, or say he died before we could get him in."

The Gurkha grinned. . . .

THERE were indications all around us that the end was near. Attempts were now made by our air force to drop us manna from the skies. It was a hopeless failure. Aviation in those days, it should be remembered, was very much in its infancy, and very much at the mercy of the weather. A plane would arrive, drop a sack or two into the town—grain, dates, packets of chocolates—and fly away. Then nothing would happen for a day or two on account of high winds and rain squalls. Sometimes we had the agony of watching bags of food fall into the river.

Steve and I talked it over again. "Listen," he said. "I've come to the conclusion that young Latifah was lying—talking romantic. She's just the sort of kid that would."

"Then how did she get out and come back and—"

"We don't *know* that she did."

"You think she's been here all the while?"

"Sure! I bet she's here this minute—maybe dead. . . . Now, then, remember that Assyrian dame *I* was hot on?—Satani? Well, *she's* still down there. Christian, same as us. When Johnny walks in, she's going to dive for cover. Get me? Then, when the chance comes, she'll get out—push off across the desert to Persia, maybe."

"And we go with her?"

"Don't be a sap! How could we? But we can use the same hide-out she does—until our chance comes. Any day now the flag is coming down and the white sheet is going up. As soon as that happens, Tiger, we beat it for the dive. I picked us a couple of German Mausers in the bazaar soon after we got in, and a few rounds—and I still have 'em. We may be caught," Steve continued; "we may make a getaway. Anyway, it's worth trying. It's going to be hell trekking the desert with an army of Turks."

"What about Joe?" I asked.

"He's in a better spot than us. He'll be one of the precarious sick that'll be exchanged for Turkish prisoners of war."

We had to leave it at that. There was no question about it—the show was all over. The gunboat Julnar tried to run the Turkish blockade with food, comforts, and medical supplies for us. On the night of April 24 we heard the firing. It seemed to go on for hours. It came nearer—traveling along the river. Then the awful silence that told us the Julnar had failed.

MOST of the boys were just standing skeletons held together by military equipment—or was it military discipline? From April 15 on we existed on a diet of four ounces of flour and a slice of horse or mule per man per day. Before the end the daily death rate averaged eight British and twenty-one Indians.

I think that of all the units the tough little Gurkhas stood the strain best. They had no scruples about horseflesh like their Indian brothers. They ate it from the beginning and enjoyed it. Those fellows would enjoy anything. For sheer endurance there are no soldiers in the world to beat them. In Kut they fought and labored uncomplainingly to the end.

As the end drew near another batch tried the river. In a few seconds the swirling flood had swept them away. During the last week men were constantly disappearing. Most of them were shot at and drowned. Some few did manage to get through to the relief force downstream. They reached their destination only after being peppered with shrapnel and bullets, and many of them were maimed for life.

General Townshend issued his last communiqué to the troops on April 28, the day before the surrender. Even then he had not given up hope of saving his men:

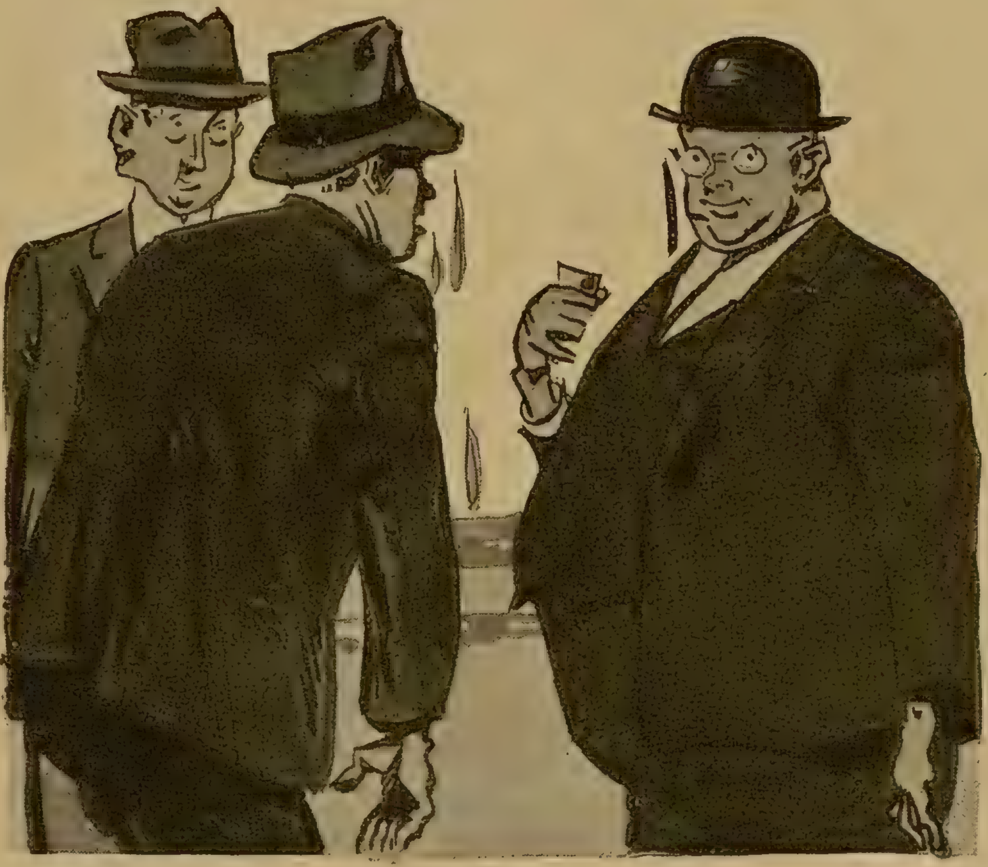
> These considerations alone, namely, that I can help my comrades of all ranks to the end, have decided me to overcome my bodily illness and the anguish of mind which I am suffering now, and I have interviewed the Turkish general-in-chief yesterday, who is full of admiration at "an heroic defense of five months," as he puts it. Negotiations are still in progress, but I hope to be able to announce your departure for India, on parole not to serve against the Turks, since the Turkish commander says he thinks it will be allowed, and has wired to Constantinople to ask for this, and that the Julnar, which is lying with food for us at Magasis, may be permitted to come to us.
>
> Whatever has happened, my comrades, you can only be proud of yourselves. We have done our duty to King and Empire; the whole world knows that we have done our duty. I ask you to stand by me with your steady and splendid discipline, shown throughout, in the next few days for the expedition of all service I demand of you.

We were taken into captivity—and no army of men have ever suffered greater humiliation, more fiendish brutality at the hands of their captors than the gallant men of Kut.

What immediately followed for these prisoners was a march through hell on earth to Bagdad. As it started, Tiger and Steve—with Latifah and Steve's girl friend Satani—made a desperate attempt to escape to the hills. The result? Let Mr. Blackledge tell you, and describe that march to you, in next week's installment.

THE MAN IN LOWER 11

Liberty's Short Short



by HELEN GILMORE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SOME twenty years ago Walter Ralston, a man whom we children knew as "Uncle Walter"—a man who, at the low of an intensive reducing period, tipped the scales at two hundred and ten—did a great deal of traveling as advertising manager for a big newspaper syndicate.

One morning, when the Michigan Central train pulled into Detroit, a terrified porter tugged at the bedclothes of Lower 12. "Mistah, we's already in de yahds. I done forgot to call you befoah."

Two and three quarters minutes later to the split second Uncle Walter climbed out in the aisle in trousers, shirt, and coat, his collar in one hand and an enormous suitcase in the other. As the train swung into the station it gave a lurch that sidewiped Uncle Walter, suitcase—and collar—into Lower 11. After a hoarse sound like the sudden expulsion of air there was deathly silence. Too paralyzed to budge at the thought of the human damage he had caused, Uncle Walter finally screwed his head around to see a face, popeyed and purple, glaring at him.

"Awfully sorry, old man," Uncle Walter apologized.

"Get off," the man wheezed.

Realizing he was still planted squarely on his victim's stomach, Uncle Walter muttered as he scrambled out of the berth, "Assure you it was entirely an accident."

"Accident!" the man choked. "Damn near killed me!"

"I wish there were something I could do for you, but I'm getting off here."

"Thank God," gasped the man. "I'm going on to Buffalo!"

UNCLE WALTER had been in Detroit for several days and was just winding up an important deal with a business associate. They were having a drink in the bar of the Hotel Pontchartrain. Uncle Walter was pounding home a point. He raised his arm with a vigorous gesture. A crash of glass splintered the room. Uncle Walter looked around. He had knocked a drink out of the hand of a man standing with his back to him.

"I'm awfully sorry—" Uncle Walter began, then stopped dead.

"Again!" It was Lower 11, eying him with grim hostility. The man's suit was thoroughly bathed in a Scotch highball.

At length Uncle Walter broke the tension with a hearty laugh. "Honestly, I don't know what I can say."

"Maybe you'll tell me what you've got against me."

Uncle Walter turned to the bartender. "Duplicate this gentleman's order." Then he said to the man, "Let me have your suit pressed for you."

"Splendid." The man bowed, then added sarcastically, "This happens to be the only suit I have with me."

"Where are you stopping?"

"Here in this hotel."

"Good. You go up to your room. I'll send up a bellboy to get the suit and have the hotel tailor press it for you."

"Say, listen!" the man barked. "I've got just one day to do my business in this town, and I'm supposed to sit in my hotel room in my underwear while you ruin my clothes!"

"Now, look here, old man," Uncle Walter said placatingly. "I'm just as sorry as I can be. But that doesn't help matters any. What's your room number?"

"Room six twenty-three. Why?" the man asked suspiciously.

"Bartender," said Uncle Walter, "send up twelve of those highballs to room six twenty-three! That'll keep our friend busy while his suit's being pressed."

THE next day, his business trip completed, Uncle Walter returned on an early-morning train to Chicago. He decided he had just enough time to run out to his home in Winnetka, get a bath and a home-cooked breakfast, and return for his morning's work at the office. He dashed over to the Northwestern Depot, found the seven ten was just leaving the station, and sprinted the length of the platform. The last car was just pulling out of the end of the station as he jumped to the bottom step.

Two men were standing on the car platform with their backs to him. As Uncle Walter swung his heavy bag up on the floor of the moving car, it caught one of the men squarely in the back of the knees. The man folded up like a jackknife.

Before Uncle Walter could get his breath to apologize, the man groaned:

"Don't tell me! I know it's you!"

Sure enough, it was Lower 11. For once in his life Uncle Walter was completely at a loss for words or action. "Well, I'm just awfully—"

"—sorry," the man finished. He hadn't bothered to rise. Now he merely rolled over and eyed Uncle Walter piteously. "I know you're out to kill me."

Uncle Walter sat down on the step and mopped his head. "Honestly, you make me feel like a murderer."

"Listen, mister." Under the impetus of an idea the man rose to one elbow. "Where are you going?"

"Winnetka. I live there," Uncle Walter replied.

The man flopped back on the floor. "God help me, so do I!"

THE END

JUST A CHOIR-BOY

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

IF you've ever been to one of these studio parties you know how it is. They call 'em cocktail parties; but you stand around, with a green ten-cent-store glass half filled with poor rye and sweet ginger ale in your hand, and talk to people you hope you'll never see again.

I was that way at Ellen's. I drew a man named Symes. He had bulging eyes and a little black mustache. He told me he was a lawyer from out West somewhere. As if I gave a damn! He asked me what I did for a living and I told him I was in the newspaper racket.

He lifted his eyebrows and smiled through his teeth, like a man with a silky little mustache always does.

“You look rather young for a professional newspaper cynic,” he purred.

“Sure,” I agreed wearily. “I wear my topcoat collar up and my hatbrim snapped down. I long to write for the smoothies and I'm hard-boiled with my women.”

“You look more like a choirboy.”

“You look like Pop Eye,” I thought—but what the hell!

It was crowded at Ellen's. It always is. Plenty of smoke and jabber-jabber. Symes asked me some fool question and I yawned.

Symes got playful. He said: “Tut-tut.”

I buried my nose in green glass. It was when I was coming up for air, like a dripping stag, that I saw her, or rather I saw her hat. You couldn't miss it. It was the brightest red you ever saw. And the face wasn't a studio face. It wasn't just so playfully vivacious that it made you shudder—if you were sober. Ladies and gents, I give you a girl!

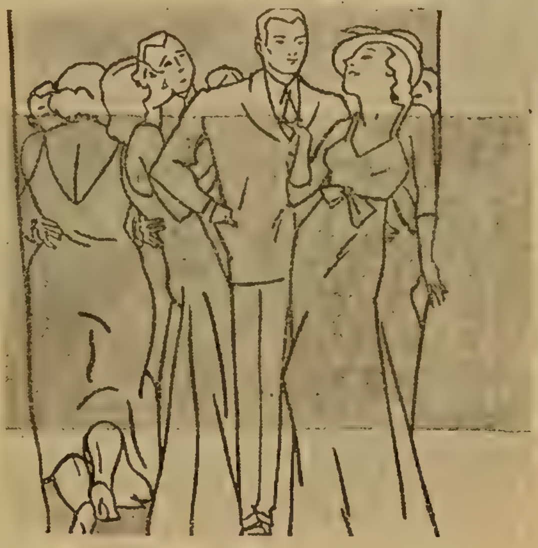
Symes was worrying his glass.

“Know that girl in the red hat?” I asked him before I realized he was only a Grand Central native. As he looked up Loris Hayne moved in front of the hat. It was like trying to watch a parade with a stiff neck, seeing anything in that crowd, anyway. She wore a green beret and a coat that made her look like something about to go up at a Gordon Bennett balloon race. Symes thought I was talking about this Follies relict.

“Too much weight,” he said.

“. . . to have met you,” I mumbled. He smiled. He evidently didn't get the first word. It was “Sorry.” I ducked around Loris.

The girl in the so bright red hat was standing uncertainly at the edge of a small group. I'll call it a coterie so you'll know the kind of people I mean. She reminded me of Booth Tarkington's Alice Adams, trying so hard to appear a part of something she wasn't. Is that too complicated or lousy English? No matter!



"My name's Dan Rice," I said. "I'm pleased to know you, if I may."

“My name's Dan Rice,” I said. “I'm pleased to know you, if I may.”

What she did was aces with me. She didn't smirk or go upstage. She smiled. “My—my name is Martha Haddon—and you may.”

“Thank God it isn't Amaris or Mariel or Janel or Ardelis,” I said. “Can I get you a ginger ale and rye?”

“I don't drink—does that matter?”

It didn't. Did I give you the idea that she was slim and dressed like a cigarette advertisement?

“What are you doing in this maple grove and where did you get that hat?”

The hat came from some little shop on Lexington. She came with the girl whose apartment she shared. She worked in the sales-promotion department of some magazine. I didn't get the name of the book because the coterie was beginning to feel their ginger ale.

“So you think they're saps?” She seemed amused. The smoke was getting as thick as cafeteria custard. I took her arm and tried for a higher ceiling. No soap.

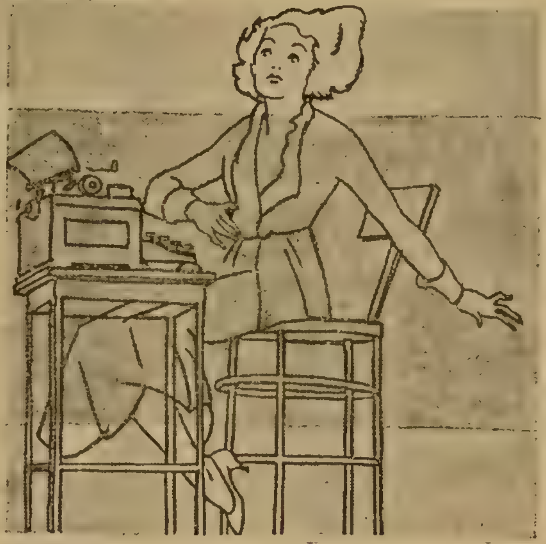
That's why we had the collision.

I knew it was Pop Eye. I could see his polliwog eyes and his silky smile through the back of his head. He used

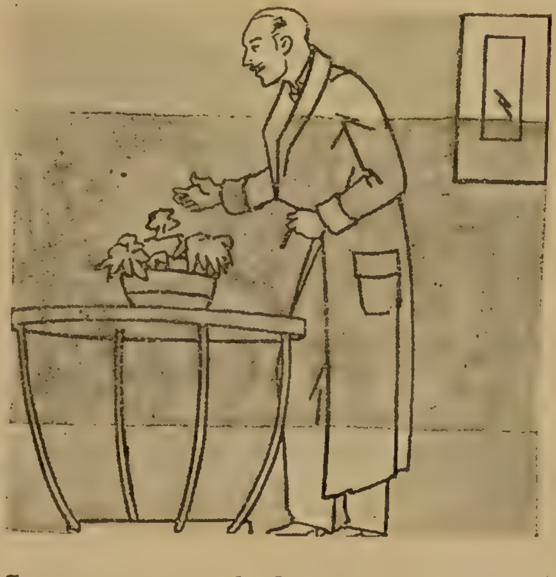
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
M. E. SHERWOOD

A Story of Beauty in Distress, a Mystery to Untangle, and the Heart of a Hard-Boiled Young Man with the Face of an Angel

by EVERETT RHODES CASTLE



Page gets a break—secretary to a man in the coal-mining business.



Symes wore a dark-purple dressing gown and his fingernails glistened.

vaseline on it. He was backing away from somebody. When he ran into my arm he swung around.

Listen to Dan Rice. If I live to be a hundred and get my picture in the paper along with a by-line, I'll never forget that girl's face. All the life seemed to drain right out of it. You've heard people say they were so dry they could spit cotton? Well, that's the way this Haddon's lips looked. Dry, helpless terror. Her hand went up to her quivering lips. And her eyes!

Well, you've read the old chestnut about the bird fascinated by the snake? I can't take the time to give you a better one.

And Symes. For a split second he seemed to stare at a ghost. Then he smiled.

"Miss Page," he said.

The girl's hand came down from her mouth and she pushed at my arm. "I'll have to go," she gasped. "I'm sorry—I—I—"

But that wasn't Pop Eye's idea.

He reached across my middle and caught her hand.

"Just a minute," he said. He got no further with what he had to say. The girl twisted her hand away.

"Hey!" I said.

But there was no audience. Just a lot of smoke and a lot of chatter and a lot of motion. The girl was gone. Symes had the idea first.

"Please!" he cried. Then he started across the room after her. What would you have done?

"Just a minute," I murmured politely and tangled my foot in his ankles. I didn't wait to see if he fell on the little table, half covered with empties, or whether he pitched into the coterie.

I just managed to grab the door handle of the taxi as the jehu started moving. I sank into the squeaking seat and wasted no time.

"Where to?" I asked her.

She stumbled over an address on Fifty-sixth Street.

"Now," I said. "Tell it all to Uncle Dan."

"I must get away!"

"Why?"

"I—I can't tell you. You shouldn't have followed me. I—I—"

"Pop Eye?"

"In—in a way." She kept staring out the window. Yes, you guessed it. She was wringing her hands. I stopped that. I grabbed one of them. Putting it that way sounds heavy-handed. But wait until I've been writing a little while longer; I'll be making my love scenes as subtle as a passage from Anthony Adverse. She let me hold on.

"Come on," I urged her.

She turned from the window. I suppose that I ought to make some crack about the weather to date this story. But it's easier to say that all this occurred on Thursday, October 7.

"Why should you—" she began.

"Listen," I broke in on her. "We'll go into all that when we're married and settled down. Right now all you have to know is that I'm going to help you. Maybe it's because your friend Pop Eye said I looked like a choirboy. Maybe it's because of your red hat. Maybe it's just because I'm tired eating Thanksgiving dinners alone. So give me the story."

I got it. Not the way a copy desk would pass it, but between gulps, pauses, and tearful little smiles. Maybe I should cut that last bit out. It makes her sound a trifle sappy. And she wasn't. Her chin was out all the time.

Here it is, without the asides. Her real name was Patricia Page. Her parents were both dead. She had one aunt—an old lady who lived in Detroit. Apparently not much of the stuff it takes to make the world go round in the family. So much for a quick background. After several years of tough going in the way of getting a job, Page gets a break—or so she thought at the moment. Secretary to a man in the coal-mining business by the name of Elderman.

EVERYTHING was work and efficiency at the start. Then Mr. Elderman began to substitute a little touch of gallantry and tenderness for aforesaid work and efficiency. The girl fenced desperately—you could tell that from her story—to keep her job on a business basis. Then one night, after the rest of the organization had gone by-by, Mr. Employer tried to kiss her. He's a bachelor, but that means nothing to Page. She hot-foots it out of his private office, sits down to her typewriter, and rattles off a few lines announcing that she is all washed up.

I'm getting my tenses mixed up, but that's because I don't like this secretary-employer tripe. That's an apology for my English and not for my convictions. But let's move.

As she is signing the note Elderman comes out of his office. Apparently he was the sort of slug that can't take a stenographer's notebook in the face for an answer. He reaches—reached over her typewriter—

They had a struggle. The girl was hazy about the details. Elderman probably slipped, and in falling his head caught the corner of the desk. So there was the half-hysterical kid with what looked like a dead man staring her in the face.

Naturally she went panic. Luckily, what little money she had was in her rooms. She went there, got it, and packed. Then she beat it for the aunt in Detroit. She bought a paper at the station the next morning, expecting to find herself in the headlines along with Roosevelt. Naturally she wasn't there. Back on the fifth page, however, she did find a half column sent out by the A. P. And while it lifted the curse of Cain from her brow it knocked her for a loop!

Because it accused her of going South with $25,000 of government bonds belonging to her employer!

It seems that Elderman had purchased the bonds a few days before. They had been delivered to him by registered mail too late, on the day we are talking about, to put into the safety-deposit vault. The girl knew all about that. As a matter of fact the bonds were lying on Elderman's desk when he tried to kiss her.

The A. P. story carried the note Page had left when she rushed out of the office. But there was a funny angle to it. The note was exactly as she had phrased it, except for an additional one-line paragraph in which she admitted that she was taking the bonds because he "owed them to her."

And that added paragraph, which she hadn't written, was in red ink.

"There's a lot of red in this thing," I said then. "It was the first thing I noticed about you."

"There was a red-and-black ribbon in my typewriter," Page said. "I think that might explain the color."

"But you were writing in black, weren't you?"

"The lever that changes the ribbon is on the side of the typewriter. It tips easily. I—I've often thought that when he reached across and—and we struggled, the lever shifted."

"Maybe."

"And whoever tried to—to make it appear that I was a thief didn't notice the ribbon shift until it was too late. Then, because of my written signature, there was no chance to recopy the whole thing. That or—oh, I've thought of a thousand things during the past three months that might have happened."

"How was the snatch discovered?" I asked her. She knew. The newspaper item again, I suppose.

"Symes. The man I—we saw at the party." She smiled. "Do you wonder I almost sank through the floor? He was Elderman's attorney. He had an appointment with Elderman for dinner the—the night—"

I lit a cigarette.

"In mystery stories, what happened is cloaked in obscurity until the last chapter," I pointed out to her. "It leaps right to the eye here. Pop Eye is hard up. How do you know he isn't? Don't interrupt me. He comes in. He sees friend client stretched out cold. He looks around and sees the loot. He sits down to the typewriter and turns Dirty Desmond. Then he throws ice water on Elderman and rings up the police. I can see why you did it—I mean run away and then stay away—but the thing's a cinch."

Page disregarded most of that chitchat.

"I thought of Symes," she admitted; "but what proof is there?"

"He uses vaseline on his hair and he said I looked like a choirboy," I told her. "That's enough for me!"

She laughed—well, almost laughed.

"You know," she said, "you do look like a choirboy. Is that why you are so professionally blasé and hard?"

"What are you going to do when you get home?" I said.

"Pack my things and leave."

"For where?"

She looked out the window.

"I don't know."

"Spend all the rest of your life running, eh?"

"Did you ever have an indemnity company offer a thousand dollars for any information leading to your arrest?"

"That doesn't convict you."

"Suppose it doesn't? Forget all the notoriety, as terrible as that would be, and think of the other things: bail, lawyer's fee! Why—why—"

She shuddered. It was a mixed-up movement—more mental than physical. I can't explain.

"You're going to do what I tell you," I said. "If you're afraid to stay in your flat I'll take you over to Jersey to a cousin of mine and you can stay there until—"

Her eyes filled up. She whispered something about me being wonderful. You know how that hysterical tripe goes.

"—until I get the little matter straightened out," I finished up. I was still talking big that way when the cab jerked over to the curb.

I COULD give my mental processes a good build-up here—if I knew how to do it; but when you spend most of your time tapping out the fact that "Bertha Smolka, 24, 1876 Hope Avenue, the Bronx, was hit by a taxi driven by Irving Schwartz, 32, 11 Charles Street, at 6.30 Thursday afternoon at the corner of 43d and Lexington," it's hard to get your fancy to flow.

So take the facts and imagine all the mental sweating I did on the way over to Jersey and on the way back again. And all through dinner. All I can tell you, as a starter, was the hunch that I had that there was something about that line of red typewriting, that had been added to Page's note, that ought to read different than it did. Something that I already knew! Something connected with Pop Eye. Something that—

Did you ever push the doorbell of an empty house? I felt the same sort of echoes in my head until I thought of Loris Hayne. You remember who I mean? The big fat babe in the balloon coat and the God-awful green beret. Then I almost choked on my apple pie.

"You know the girl in the red hat?" I had asked Symes. Then Loris moved over in front of the red hat and Pop Eye had stared at Loris and said, "Too much weight." Not, "I don't see any girl with a red hat," or, "What girl?" but, "Too much weight!"

So that was why the added line, in the letter Page wrote, was in red ink! The guy that wrote it was color-blind. When the lever tipped, during the second scrap between Page and Elderman, the typewriter ribbon went to red. A man with normal eyes would have noticed it when he sat down to type. But Pop Eye couldn't tell the difference.

Use that little smile of amused superiority on Dan Rice, would he? Apple pie never tasted so good.

But the difference between cold fact and hot fiction cramps a man's style. Know what I mean? A writer with a lot of experience and technique could have built up that half-hour of mine in the restaurant into a wow finish, with Dan Rice, the Manhattan choirboy, rushing out into the night to call a cop, get a confession, and still make the bulldog with an exclusive story and plenty of stocking art.

But look it smack in the face and what have I got? A fist with all the fingers opened. So instead of going romantic and starting out to look for a lot of damning clues, incontrovertible evidence, and the rest of the hogwash you read about, I just went native. Maybe that isn't what you want in your reading, but if you've come this far you might just as well go the whole hog.

I decided to try Pop Eye with a bluff. Not so hot, says you. But a lot more practical than a magnifying glass, says I. I pushed out a fifteen-cent tip for the girl and went over to the telephone booth. A lot of people come to a big town every day, but any leg man will tell you that, on the average, you can find the guy you want in less than ten hotel calls.

I located Pop Eye on the fourth call.

"This is Rice," I told him. "I'd like to see you right away."

"Come on over," he said.

And when I got into his suite I wasted no time.

"Nothing to smoke, nothing to drink, and don't bother to ask me where the girl is," I said before the hat was off my head.

Symes smiled through his mustache. He wore a dark-purple dressing gown and his fingernails glistened like a freshly scrubbed kid's face. The perfect rat's ensemble, if you ask me. He lit a cigarette and dropped into a chair.

"YOU don't like me, do you, Mr. Rice?" he inquired. Then he crossed his elegant legs. "Anybody ever tell you that you talk like Jimmy Cagney looks?"

"A plain answer to your merry quips is no and no," I admitted frankly. "But—"

"I beg your pardon. One more thing: Has it ever occurred to you that I have nothing—personally—against Miss Page? Please! Nor do I hold my badly bruised left shin against you. Naturally I was surprised to see her. If it gives you any comfort, I have no intention of going to the police."

I said: "That's big of you, Symes."

He quit grinning through his corn silk and frowned.

"What do you mean?"

So I go into my act, for better or worse. And I talk slow.

"I mean this: Page never stole those bonds—and you know it, Symes."

He looked at the end of his cigarette.

"Unfortunately, I don't know anything of the kind."

"You're a liar, Symes."

That got to him, as I hoped it would. His face turned the color of a brickyard at sundown, and he stood up, purple dressing gown and all.

But the lad was good, or so I thought at the time. He broke into a typical loud laugh such as they manufacture best out in Hollywood.

"SEE here, my little fighting cock," he said. "I'm old enough to be your father and I'm big enough to drop-kick you through that door. You amused me this afternoon, with your mental toughness and professional sophistication. I even admired your handling of a—ahem—difficult situation. As far as the Page incident is concerned, it is a closed book with me. My—my client recovered in full from the insurance company. I confess I was never satisfied with the police version of the theft, but—"

"Since you dislike personalities, Symes," I broke in on him, "suppose you let me tell you a little story."

He waved his cigarette. Did I say that his hands were white and soft?

"It begins with a certain gentleman that was rather hard up about a year ago," I began. It was a shot in the dark but I figured that it was logical.

"Like most of us," Symes interjects smoothly, "I needed money a year ago. So did my client Mr. Elderman. So did a lot of other lawyers and their clients. You probably had an I O U in the cashier's drawer yourself."

I passed that one up. "The man I'm talking about," I continued, "had a chance to pick up twenty-five grand awful easy."

"He was fortunate." Symes smiled through his mustache.

I went on: "He walked into a situation. He had an engagement with a client of his for dinner. When he arrived at his client's office he found the gent lying on the floor unconscious. Being cagey that way, he looked around and saw the note his client's stenographer had left. He walked into the guy's private office and helped himself to an envelope full of bonds lying on the man's desk and went back to the scene of the main bout. There he got the swell idea of putting the blame on the girl. He added a few words to her note and then got very busy throwing cold water around, telephoning for the police, and so forth. Smart guy, eh, Symes?"

Symes lit himself a fresh cigarette.

"I suppose," he said through the smoke, "it's no use telling you that you are jumping to a lot of half-baked conclusions? That Elderman was already on his feet when I arrived and that—"

"And that a poor sap of a frightened kid was pushed into a rat-and-

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cat existence, with a price on her head and that—"

Symes stood up. "That'll be enough," he said, and the brickyard was back in his face.

"Not quite enough," I said. "You haven't heard the best part of the story yet. You read detective stories. You know what I mean. The one little mistake that trips up the criminal."

"And just what was my mistake?" Symes wanted to know, and he used his amused bray again.

"I'll give you my proposition first," I said. "Wouldn't it be nice if those bonds had never been stolen? Suppose they had slipped down into the desk some way. A smart guy like you could fix that easily enough. What say?"

"Get out!" Symes said suddenly.

"Going to bluff it out, eh?"

"I'm tired of your rubbish."

I gave him the works.

"You call that last line in Page's note rubbish?" I shot at him. "I mean that line that was written in red ink?"

Symes crushed out his cigarette. He was still the big lawyer.

"I remember wondering about it at the time," he confessed carelessly. "As I said before, I was never convinced the girl was guilty. But who else was there?"

"The guy that wrote that last line in red ink."

"I'll agree that if that note was changed—or added to—it was probably by the guilty party. Still, that doesn't prove—"

"Oh, yes, it does!" I broke in softly. "Oh, yes, it does, Symes. And if you don't agree to my little proposition I'm going straight to the insurance company with my story. See? No police lunkheads for Dan Rice. Those bonds haven't turned up. So what? They're either being held, or maybe they've been hocked for a loan. When the insurance company realizes that the reason that incriminating line—the line that everybody, including yourself, admits must have been written by the thief—was written in red ink because the ribbon lever was tipped in the struggle between Elderman and the girl, and the thief, when he sat down to pin the rap on the girl, didn't realize he was typing in red because he was color-blind—"

SAY, did that jar him!

"Color-blind!" he gasped. He stared with his jaw down to his collar. Then suddenly he dropped his cigarette and walked over to the window. Me, I sat on the edge of my chair and waited. He stood with his purple-silk back to the room for several minutes.

"And don't forget, Symes," I prodded him, "that color-blindness isn't hard to prove. Take a red hat, for instance—"

He kept standing at the window.

"Well?" I said finally. He still said nothing.

"Now you know why I don't like you, Mr. Symes," I said.

Finally he threw a question over his shoulder.

"In case I—I should accept your proposition and the bonds should be found, as you suggested, have I your word of honor that the whole matter will be dropped?"

I thought about that.

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Do you think that these top-notch authors have been successful in their solution of a most difficult plot? If you feel they have failed, there is a first-rate chance for you to show them how and why. Get into the game and see how good you are. Here are the rules to guide you in entering your own solution to the problem posed by the President:

1. To compete, after you have read all of the story as the six famous authors have fashioned it, see if you can find a better way to solve the problem posed by President Roosevelt: "If you had five million dollars and wanted to disappear and take your money with you so that no one could ever trace you, how would you do it?"

2. All entries must be written on one side of the paper only. Typewritten, double spaced, is best, but pen-and-ink entries will be accepted. Use as many words as you require to state your solution clearly.

3. Solutions will be judged on the basis of plausibility, probability, and logic. On this basis Liberty will pay a first prize of $500 for the best entry, $250 for the next best, and $100 each for the five next best solutions. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. The judges will be the editorial staff of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final.

4. All prize-winning solutions will become the property of Liberty Magazine for publication whenever desired. No entries will be returned.

5. Write your name and address on the upper left-hand corner of the first page of your entry.

6. Send your entry flat by first-class mail to President's Mystery Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries must be received on or before Friday, January 3, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

7. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

"You have," I said after a minute, "providing, in the announcement about the discovery of the bonds, it is made clear that the girl had nothing to do with it."

Symes moved his head. I suppose he meant it for a nod. Then he moved it the other way.

"Call me in an hour, and I'll give an answer."

"With pleasure," I assured him.

. . . . .

Few things are worth a trip to Jersey.

But when I told Page she could go up to the next policeman she saw and tell him her name was Page and so what? she cried and laughed, and ended up by putting her arms around me and kissing me in front of the whole Loomis family.

Of course Adela Loomis, nee Rice, had to stick her five cents' worth in at this point and tell Page what a really nice boy Cousin Dan was beneath his silly complex.

"Complex?" Page echoed over my shoulder.

"He's always looked like an angel," Adela explained, "and it gripes him horribly."

But I didn't get down to telling her the complete story until we were in the taxicab on the way back to New York.

"And when I called him back an hour later he told me the matter had been arranged," I told her. Then I described that purple dressing gown.

"But I still don't quite understand," Page protested. "Just exactly what was it that made Mr. Symes—"

I laughed.

"Listen, Page," I said. "I've been thinking of this in terms of a story. See? I'm tired of using a telephone for a mattress. So I've told you the whole thing except the cracker. Cracker? Oh, that's the little twist you put on the end of the story to fool the reader. You know, give it a twist? So it will come to the reader just as it comes to you—as a complete surprise. It'll make a swell yarn. Now listen. Why was that line, added to your note to Elderman, written in red ink? Why did a smart guy like Symes let it pass, when he was so smooth about the rest of it?"

Page didn't know. She said so and kept hold of my hand.

"Because he didn't know it was written in red ink!" I told her calmly. "Nobody added that up—and got the right answer—until your Uncle Dan came along. Symes realized the job was up as soon as I proved that the thief could only be color-blind! And that I could prove, by your red hat, that he was color-blind."

Then Page started to laugh. Call it hysterics and you won't be far off. The cabby thought she was off her trolley. Then between gasps (and some tears) she talked.

"Don't—don't you see? You—you thought you were talking about Symes, and he thought you—you were talking about his client—Elderman! Don't you—see? That's why he told you to call him back. He—he probably wanted to talk to Elderman on the long-distance telephone. He—he probably advised him. Because, you see, he—he knew, just what I knew, that *Elderman* is color-blind!"

THE END

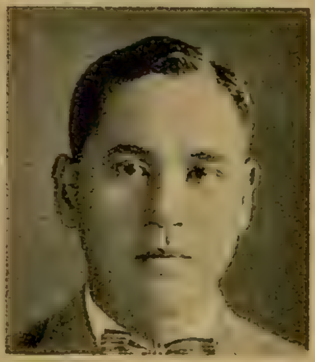
TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BIG pearls come from buxom oysters. Some oysters are natural blondes, others are dusky brunettes. The size and color of the oyster usually accounts for the size and color of the pearl.


JUZO SEO

How do I know? I've been talking with Mr. Juzo Seo, American manager for the Mikimoto Cultivated Pearl Co. of Japan. He told me the darnedest things!

The Japanese perform a delicate surgical operation on their oysters to make pearls grow in 'em. They plant a pearl seed in the flesh of the living oyster. Japanese oyster surgeons are all young women from fifteen to twenty-eight. After twenty-eight their fingers aren't nimble enough for the job any more. Men can't do this work at all because men smoke and drink—are much too butterfingered.

Cultivated pearls are ten or fifteen times less expensive than wild pearls. Rich people—including royalty—now wear cultivated pearls to save insurance, worry, etc. They admit it. Other people wear 'em but don't admit it. Ladies of Japan were not pearl wearers until they began adopting our Western style of dress. Now they, too, wear pearls.

You can pay $10,000 for an eighteen-inch strand of cultivated pearls, or you can buy a string for as little as thirty dollars. Like wild pearls, they come in all shades. Mr. Seo showed me one pearl that was pure canary yellow. He says we ought to buy our pearls to match our complexions—light ones for blondes, dark ones for brunettes. And don't keep your pearls in a leather box; the sulphur in the leather might damage them.

Old Mr. Mikimoto, founder of the industry, had a hard time selling his cultivated pearls over here at first. Rodman Wanamaker was the merchant who started putting them on the American market, nine years ago. Mr. Mikimoto is seventy-seven now. In Japan they call that the Age of Joy.

● There has been some controversy in the newspapers of late as to whether or not we women are still more superstitious than men. I don't think we are. How can we be, when such news items as the following are now possible?

A bride in England recently consented to get married under a ladder, because of construction work going on in her village church. She not only walked under the ladder, mind you; she stood there and got married under it.

● What delightful movies must be tucked away on the back shelves! I mean pictures spoiled by comic accident during the taking. Recently I saw one of these mishaps occur in front of New York's ritziest restaurant. The movie was supposed to show some full-dress swells arriving in their grand limousine for a snack of midnight hash after the theater. Arrangements were elaborate—batteries of cameras, powerful spotlights, directors and assistant directors. The majestic car rolled up to the curb. The elegant party stepped out. At that moment the door of the restaurant opened. Out staggered a most terrific drunk, half carried by a waiter. On his rubber legs the tipsy man wobbled straight into the picture.

Of course they had to take it all over again. But wouldn't you love to see the discarded strip starring the pickled interloper?

● Question of pockets:

A reader asks me to protest against the smallness of pockets in feminine clothes. "My husband," she says, "jingles coins in his pockets when he feels nervous. It seems to quiet his nerves. I also feel nervous at times, but my stylish pockets are too small for coin jingling. Please tell our fashion designers to do something."

I won't do it. Large baggy pockets might be all very well for coin jingling, but I think they would not improve our feminine silhouette.

● I've just been hearing about a dauntless young lady of wit and imagination. To her dismay, she learned that among the boys she was believed to be a frigid number. So what do you think she did? Went to a jeweler, had him make her a bar pin of platinum and crystal in exact imitation of a thermometer—with the mercury up to 110 degrees! Now she wears the pin conspicuously at all times. It is only a joke, of course, but such an effective one! The boys are talking plenty.

● The Christmas crop of books for children looks extra good this year. Three I admire particularly are: To Market We Go, by Jane Miller (published by Houghton Mifflin Company); Honk: the Moose, by Phil Stong (Dodd, Mead & Company); Little Ones, by Dorothy Kunhardt, with pictures by Kurt Wiese (the Viking Press).

● When guests stay unexpectedly for dinner, and your icebox is bare—that is the time to rely upon your stock of canned corned beef, canned asparagus, and a bottle of mango chutney.

Slice your beef neatly. Make a sandwich spread of minced chutney mixed with fresh bread crumbs. Spread this on the beef. Put the beef slices together, sandwichwise. Drain your asparagus, season with pepper and nutmeg, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat.

Serve with toasted raisin bread and a preserve.

TINSEL LADY

How Much Disillusion Can Love Survive? A Girl Seeks the Answer as Swiftly Now This Dramatic Novel Approaches Its Final Curtain

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

ANN CUTLER, lovely young American star of the Folies-Bergère in Paris, accepts the love and favors of middle-aged Price Gordon, London merchant prince, only to learn that the life of glamour she chose instead of marrying Charlie Binns, the personable home-town lad, holds many restrictions.

Eventually Price's jealousy causes many unhappy moments, and is directly responsible for Ann's secretiveness about a flying trip she makes to London to visit her father, especially since Tony Madriguera, a daring young aviator she met in artist Dufresne's studio, is her private pilot. Motor trouble on the return trip causes a forced landing and she and Tony are forced to spend the night in a peasant's home. Her attempt to explain matters to Price over the phone the following morning are useless. He merely urges her to hurry home for a surprise party he has arranged. Little did she dream of the cruel revenge he had planned at her cost, for he had traced her every move with Tony and believed the worst.

Ann's guests that night were eight women from the promenade of the Folies-Bergère. Graciously she sat through the bizarre celebration and added her surprising touch by announcing her intention of marrying Tony. Price sought forgiveness as Ann fled from the house, but she was firm in her decision. She even refused to keep any of his presents, and she returned his jewelry. Tony, who was sent with the package, told Ann Gordon's secretary had given him a receipt for the valuables. Ann's new-found happiness as Mrs. Madriguera was short-lived, however. Tony spent far too much money. Where it all came from Ann did not know. A visit by an investigator for a jewelry concern brought the answer. He showed Ann her old jewels, Gordon's presents, the ones she had returned. Tony had been selling them. " We have to investigate," the visitor said. " Am I to report madame will make no complaint? "

PART NINE—LIES, AND A "LITTLE BOY"

ANN nodded.

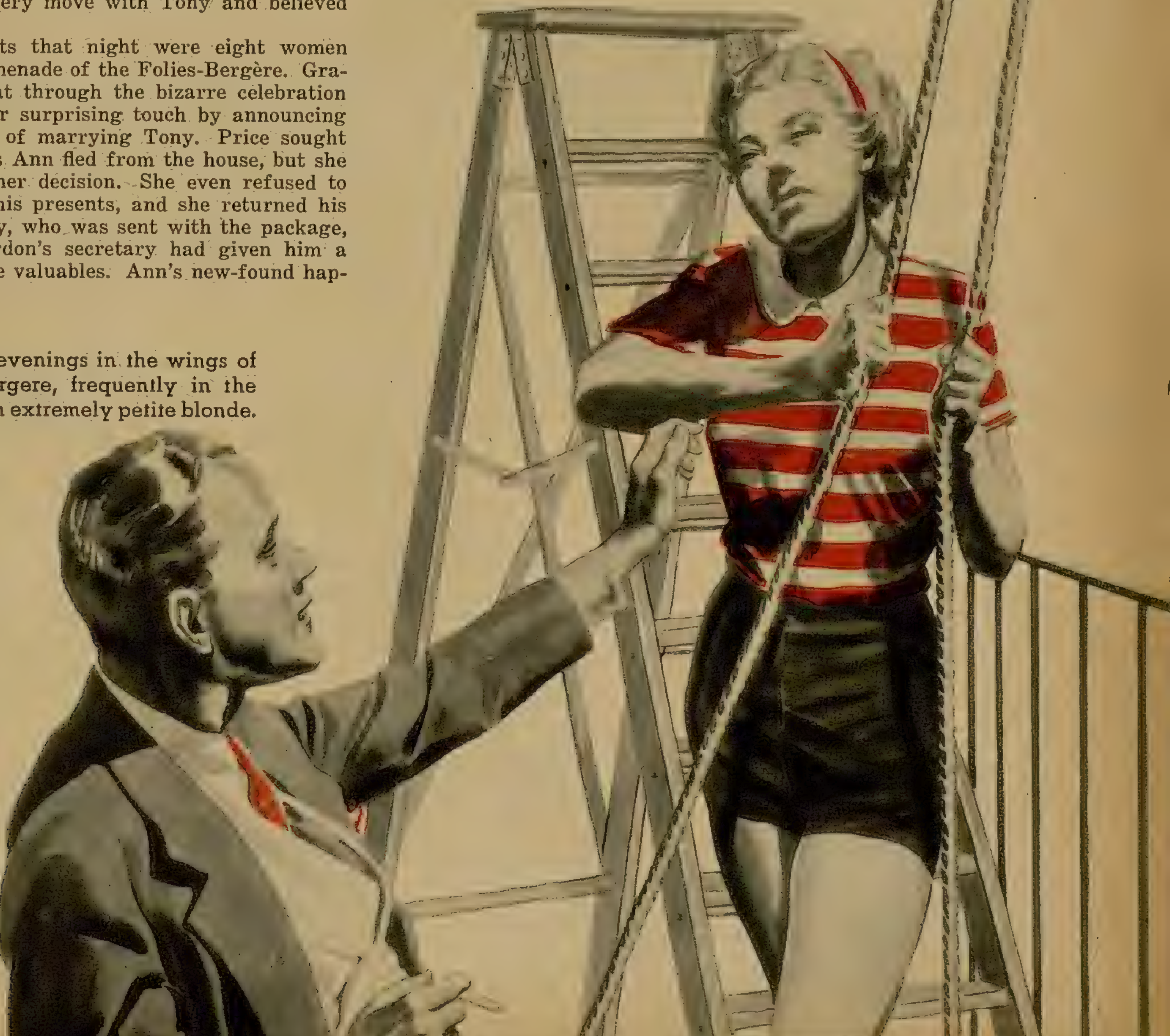
" I won't make any complaint," she said. " Why should I? "

The man bowed and left the room.

" Why should I? " Ann repeated to herself slowly. " Why should I complain? God knows I asked for it! "

At two o'clock that afternoon Ann heard her name called loudly and repeatedly from the sidewalk in front of her open second-story windows.

He spent his evenings in the wings of the Folies-Bergere, frequently in the company of an extremely petite blonde.



by CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

"Ann! Ann! Come on down here! Come quick!"

The voice was Tony's—the little-boy voice that was his in moments of eagerness and excitement. He *was* a little boy, his wife thought, feeling suddenly old and protective. His faults and his charms were alike those of immaturity. How could any one be angry with him? And yet Ann was still angry, and frightened by her recent foretaste of what was to be her future.

Her first impulse was to pay no attention to this bawling summons. But she couldn't let any one stand in the street endlessly crying her name. Besides, something might have happened. Bareheaded, she ran down to the pavement.

Tony was standing there, his damp little-boy face still raised to her window, still calling "Ann!" Beside him, also looking at the window, stood a slim well dressed Frenchman of about his own age.

"Ann! Ann! Oh, here you are! Ann, this is M. Paul Dorcet. He wants to take us for a drive. Come on; let's hop in."

"M. Dorcet is very kind," Ann answered stiffly, "but I don't care to drive."

Both men looked crestfallen.

Dorcet said, "But it is a very beautiful car, madame. I should like you to have the experience."

Ann glanced at the trim blue roadster drawn up at the curb. It was a sport model, built for speed—as Tony was—and without shelter from the wind. Ann's maid had just

"This is going o be nice," Ann hought. "Well, ve may as well ave it over."

dressed her hair, and she wasn't in the humor for meeting strange young men. There was much that she wanted to say to Tony—alone.

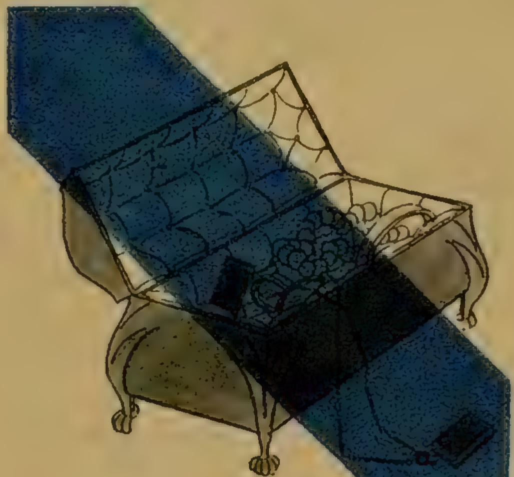
“Monsieur is very kind,” Ann repeated. “Unfortunately, I have another engagement. Perhaps we can arrange an outing in M. Dorcet's new car some other time.”

They both looked blank now.

“It isn't M. Dorcet's car,” Tony explained finally. “It's your car, Ann. I just bought it for you. Only I wanted you to like it first.”

Ann was almost amused. She was almost pleased too, but she was still angry. The absurdity of the whole business, the little-boy delight in having brought her a new toy, didn't make Ann forget for an instant that the toy had been bought with her money—or, what was still worse, with Gordon's money.

She was glad that he'd spent it on *her*, and his young gladness made its old appeal to her, but deep down in her heart and in the back of her mind Ann knew what she was in for, and, though Tony was to amuse and please her many times in the future, she was never deceived about him again from that day.



“You *do* like it, Ann?”

“Very much,” she replied, still stiffly, “but we can't afford it, I'm afraid.”

“I'm afraid we can't,” Tony grinned. His eyes were sparkling and the sun was in his face. “That's what makes it so delightful, Ann. People have the things they can afford as a matter of course. And it's the things that aren't a matter of course that make us happy, *n'est-ce pas?*”

She mustn't stop being angry.

“Tony, I—”

“Anyway, I've paid for the car—the first payment—so what do we do now?”

“If M. Dorcet will take charge of the roadster for a while, we can discuss that,” Ann said. “Tony, I have to speak to you now, and alone.”

“The car can stand here for a while,” Dorcet suggested. “You may want to take that drive later. It was charming to meet you, madame. I've seen you twice at the Folies-Bergère. How ravishing! I may say that we made monsieur a very special rate, because the roadster was for you. It's certainly a beautiful gift. My compliments, and we shall meet again.”

ON the way back to their rooms Tony said, “Only think, Ann: Sundays together in the country! Little honeymoons! We can run away from this hot town and lunch under trees and sleep in quaint inns and pretend we're a thoroughly disreputable pair.”

Ann closed the door of her boudoir behind them.

“Tony, why did you lie to me about your job?”

“Lie to you, Ann?”

“You left the Paris-London Airways nearly a month ago. Why did you do that?”

“To be with you.”

“On what, Tony? On my earnings? Are you that kind of man?”

Madriguera drew a letter from his pocket and gave it to Ann.

“What's that?”

“Read it.”

“I can't read French. You know that very well.”

“No; truly I didn't. You speak it”—he grinned—“so amusingly, and you understand everything. Anyway, the letter says I'm to go to work Monday for the biggest plane builders in France, and at nearly double what I used to get for spending every other night away from you.”

A vague reminiscence stirred in Ann's brain. She remembered herself as a little girl, and her father showing her the letter from the firm that wanted him to sell textbooks. That was the time she had given up buying her coffee ring to present a petition to St. Ann.

“Why did you sell my jewelry, Tony?”

“I didn't sell it.”

“Don't go on lying.”

“Don't go on being melodramatic—please, Ann. The facts are quite simple. Gordon's secretary refused to accept the package. She gave me a note to you explaining that.”

“Why didn't you say so?”

“Well, you were so upset—so determined that you wouldn't keep anything—”

“So you kept it—my jewelry, I mean—and told me the secretary's note was a receipt.”

“What would you have done with the jewelry?”

“Sent it back again.”

“And've got another note. The whole thing was becoming absurd—don't you see that?”

“SO, to save me from being absurd, you sold my jewelry and lived on the proceeds. You lived on the money I got from another man. There's a name for that, Tony.”

She was almost sorry she'd said it. That would end everything.

Tony grinned again.

“There is,” he retorted; “but, really, I don't think it applies. Those rings weren't the wages of sin, however your Anglo-Saxon conscience plagues you about them. They were gifts made you before you'd ever met me. They were your property, Ann.”

“And not yours.”

“Certainly not. Have I spent a penny of the sum on myself? I could have lived—always have lived—on my earnings. I had twelve thousand francs coming to me when I met you. The firm kept it to pay for repairs on that plane. That's the true reason I quit. And I still owed them nine thousand francs. That wasn't *my* debt, was it?”

“Why didn't you come to me?”

“You didn't have nine thousand francs, and I didn't want to worry you. I sold your wrist watch. It was the same thing—except that the debt *was* paid, and without worrying you. We could have lived on my salary, and on my twelve thousand francs after I quit, but we couldn't live this way. We couldn't live as you wanted to live, and as I wanted you to live, Ann. I couldn't bear your doing without things, darling. And I meant to buy those trinkets back—one by one—as soon as I began work again. That was the agreement with Monnier—”

They were all lies. Ann knew that perfectly well. *One* of the rings was worth more than Tony could earn in two years—even supposing he intended ever to work again. But she wanted so desperately to believe him. And if she couldn't, what was the point of saying so? What was the use of this vulgar row? Would it restore anything? Not the gewgaws—she never wanted to see or hear of them again—but her faith and her love. Was that love gone? Ann wasn't sure. All she knew was that he looked very pitiful and very handsome, standing beside her dressing table with the sun in his face. He was standing beside *her* now.

“You're not going to hate me, Ann, because I loved you too much?”

His fingers brushed her bare arm. Then he raised them and touched the hair at the back of her neck.

“Oh, Tony—”

She lifted her head and he bent over and kissed her. That was the end of the quarrel.

Ann hated herself. He was no better than a—she couldn't speak the four-lettered word even to herself, but she knew it, and she knew it applied to him. She was no better than those women at the Folies-Bergère, the women whose presence in her house had led her to leave Gordon—for this; the women who took money from the men who desired them to give to the men they desired. It was all horrible. Why couldn't she walk out of that flat, as she had intended to do when the confidential agent left it? And here she was in Tony's arms. "I'm a strumpet," Ann said to herself. "Romance—that's what I was after—and so I was kept by one lover and am keeping another. Good God!"

"I can't go on walking out of flats," Ann excused herself ruefully an hour later, as the roadster whirled them off to a suburban restaurant for dinner. "Like a cook that's always changing her place. How well Tony drives." But, though Ann remained in the Faubourg St. Honoré, the joy had gone out of her marriage. She knew Tony now for what he was—reckless, unprincipled, a born soldier of fortune. It showed even in his manipulation of the car. He drove brilliantly but heedlessly, and without the least regard for the rules of the road.

Of all things that are killed, love is the longest dying. It can survive even the loss of respect, though sooner or later then, self-respect goes too, and after that, what remains is only the ghost of love. Almost every day something happened that increased Ann's contempt for her husband and herself.

Tony *didn't* go to work Monday. As she had hated herself for believing it possible, he never went to work again. Like her father, he was always going to find something, but after a time even that pretense was dropped, and by the end of July he was coming to her shamelessly for funds. "Tony, don't tell me you've spent what you got from Monnier."

"*We've* spent it, darling. You're not exactly economical, you know."

"But seventy-five thousand francs—"

"My God, Ann, most of that went into the car and furnishing this flat. Seventy-five thousand francs sounds big, but it's really only a little over three thousand dollars. There's the rent—"

"I've paid that regularly."

"And living expenses—"

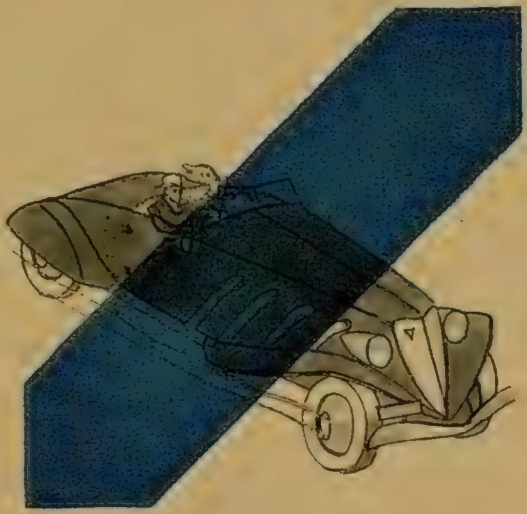
"I'm paying those too."

"Well, Dorcet's hounding me for another installment on the roadster—you don't want to give that up now, do you?—and I can't go around without a sou in my pocket."

"Am I supposed to keep your pockets filled, Tony?"

The ex-aviator shrugged his shoulders.

"It doesn't matter to me. I did very well until I began trying to live up to your elevated station. If you insist on lunching at the Café de Paris instead of the Duval, it isn't my fault, is it?"



AUGUST found Ann settling for everything and leaving hundred-franc notes on the toilet table for Tony, because she was ashamed to have him ask for them. By August, too, the asking always ended in a row. Tony's temper was getting short; his wife's increasing indifference to him, the scorn she could no longer conceal, irked him and made him irritable. But the notes disappeared in alarmingly rapid succession. Ann began being really economical. She had to be. Her father's allowance was pared down—not without telegraphic protest, continuous and "collect"; and she scrimped on her table and dismissed her personal maid. Ann had learned how to scrimp in her girlhood.

What did Tony do with four or five hundred francs a week? His bills—not many now—came to her, and most of their meals were eaten at home. What did Tony do with his time? Except at luncheon and dinner, she rarely saw him by daylight; his evenings he spent in the wings of the Folies-Bergère. Was it possible that he'd formed another attachment already? To her infinite surprise, Ann found that she didn't much care. He was forever hanging around with one half-naked girl or another; basking in their admiration, telling them about the day he had two Arab rifles stuck in his ribs. These stories were part of his stock in trade, his wife realized, with new self-loathing because she had been taken in by them. She began seeing, too, that his looks—so carefully looked after—his bearing, his banter, even his recklessness were all part of a pose. He *was* handsome, and he was daring, but he had discovered long ago that these qualities were not without value.

At first, one fascinated chorus girl was the same as another to Tony, but gradually Ann saw him more and more frequently in the company of an extremely petite blonde. Her name was Lys Pontin, and she was diminutive and demure and damned dangerous, according to Roberta's alliteration.

"The kind that doesn't know where babies come from," said Bobbie. "The kind that is always picking something off a man's coat lapel."

"What difference does it make?" Ann asked almost savagely. "I've made my bed and I've got to lie on it."

"NOT necessarily," Bobbie declared. "This half-portion Salome just might prove useful."

Ann didn't care about that, either. If she left Tony, then what? One couldn't keep on walking out of flats. One couldn't go on getting married until, as Bobbie said, "one had so many wedding rings, they looked like brass knuckles." Just *because* she didn't really love Tony any more, and was on to him, and need dread no further unpleasant surprises, Ann wasn't really unhappy. She went to church a good deal. She'd given up going while she was with Gordon, out of a conviction of sin and because he would have laughed at her, but now she found herself often in the vast soothing semidarkness of Notre Dame.

She liked to stand in front of St. Ann, but she made no more petitions, because there wasn't anything she wanted much. In Washington, Ann had asked God to give her father a job. Perhaps she felt Tony to be beyond even Omnipotence.

Strangely enough, there were still good times with Tony. She enjoyed motoring into the country, as he had prophesied she would.

The French roads were fairly smooth, and usually very straight, so that the former race driver could keep his foot pressed down on the accelerator, and Ann would be frightened and breathless but refreshed and exhilarated.

She began to like speed. And she began to like out-of-the-way inns, with their tempting food and rough wine and huge bedrooms that smelled of the barnyard.

Always now, she and Tony had separate chambers. "I can't sleep in a room full of cigarette smoke," Ann explained. Madriguera was neither deceived nor greatly concerned.

They had adjusted themselves to a relationship of mutual tolerance and tepid friendship. It wasn't quite poetry, but Ann had stopped looking for that.

Trying to fill part of Ann's emptiness, Roberta had taken her out to call on Jean Baptiste Cochin. After that, Ann went almost every time Roberta did. Jean was a plain man, who seemed so much a part of his stucco house—most of which he had built himself—that it was hard to imagine him as an acrobat, or even running the theatrical agency that paid his expenses now. Bobbie had invested more than half of her savings in this business, which was growing more and more prosperous. Now and then she helped at the office. She kept very busy at the little house in the suburbs, putting things to rights and, more often than not, cooking dinner.

She and the young naturalist were warm friends; Bobbie had learned a lot about botany and birds, and could even sit with the snake, Julius, in her lap, which somehow seemed to Ann quite incredible. "They're not slimy," Bobbie protested. "Their skin is as dry as yours is. Just put your finger on Julius."

"Not for gold and precious stones."

Ann began feeling at home in this cottage. Something about it made her wistful. "I know what you want," she told Bobbie: "A home of your own. I don't blame you. A flat isn't the same thing at all."

"I'm fond of Jean Baptiste too," Bobbie said. "He's like a big lumbering dog, but he'd die for you, and he'll live for you, and that's kind of nice, Ann."

"Sure," Ann replied, and then, to conceal her wistfulness, "What *is* M. Coucher?"

"*Cochin,* Ann darling. *Coucher* is 'to go to bed.'"

"Well, what is Jean Baptiste? Not Parisian?"

"I don't think he knows himself. His father was a French Canadian who ran away with a circus he saw in Montreal. The old fellow—who was a young fellow then—fell in love with a German gymnast, and she taught him the business. They were pretty good I guess, and they got engagements all over Europe. Jean was born in Budapest, his mother was killed in St. Petersburg, and his father died of influenza in London. Then Jean married a fancy roller skater in Rome, and they both came here to the Winter Circus. They wanted a home, so they saved their money, and Jean built this place and started the agency. It was beginning to make money when Jean's wife died. Now Jean wants to expand and supply actors for dramatic shows too."

"Have you proposed to him yet?" Ann laughed.

"Not yet. What's the use hurrying? He can't escape. I've got him so now that he telephones me at the hotel to ask what I think he wants for breakfast and whether I believe the weather vane should be red or blue. Something tells me I'm never going to leave Paris, Ann. I'll stick to the act as long as we can get time around here, but when that's over I walk out of the palace of Belshazzar and into the kitchen of Jean Baptiste. Isn't it a love of a kitchen, too, Ann?"

Bobbie wasn't such a damned fool, after all, her partner decided somewhat nostalgically.

Ann's father married Mrs. Saintsbury the 19th of August. It was a very grand wedding, too, at Mrs. Saintsbury's country place, which was as grand as the wedding.

Ann flew the Channel again for the ceremony, though this time not with Madriguera. She found J. Benton already master of all he surveyed, and planning to increase the Saintsbury revenues by taking the land away from her tenants and farming it himself on a new system suggested by a ship's engineer he'd met at a restaurant in London.

"That necklace did it," he told Ann. "We could have been married last June, but the obstetricians are always so busy in March."

Ann felt that an obstetrician had been busy with her, cutting the cord that bound her to a father who had always been strangely her infant.

The London newspapers devoted a good deal of space to the wedding, printing pictures of "J. Benton Cutler, American industrialist, married yesterday to the Hon. Mrs. George Saintsbury."

"I shan't need any more money," the American industrialist assured his daughter, "and I'll pay back what I owe you as soon as things settle down. I don't want to begin by asking my wife for a handout."

"No, I wouldn't advise it," Ann said, thinking of Tony.

WHEN Ann got back from England she found her husband restored to something like his former high spirits. "Well, we've got the old boy off our hands at last, haven't we?" he asked. "He's got a wife to support him. There's one leak stopped anyway."

It occurred to Ann that J. Benton hadn't been the only "leak," but she didn't say so.

Of late, Madriguera had been almost consistently sullen; she was glad to find him companionable again—at any price. But as the month wore on the price became higher and higher. Obviously Tony felt himself entitled to profit in the amount no longer required by her father. "I can't imagine what he does with his money," she confessed to Roberta.

"*His* money?"

"Well, my money, then," Ann agreed reluctantly. She had been ashamed to discuss this matter with any one, but now she'd been compelled to borrow a small sum from her partner, and that let the bars down.

"I asked him once," Ann went on, "in almost those very words—'Tony, what do you do with four or five hundred francs a week?' *He* said he was paying for the car, and that I made him lunch in expensive restaurants, but he *isn't* paying for the car—Dorcet phoned me last week, and *I* sent him a check—and I never see Tony at luncheon any more. He goes out every morning and doesn't come home until dinner—sometimes not even then."

"Where does he go?"

"Looking for work, he says."

Bobbie shook her head.

"Two unsuccessful job hunters in her family seems enough for any woman's lifetime," she said.

And then, abruptly:

"Ann, did you know that the lily maid of the Folies-Bergère didn't show up for the matinee Saturday?"

"No?"

"No. Somebody telephoned that she was ill, but *le régisseur* didn't believe it, and he sent around to her flat. Just as the man was going in, the lily maid drove up in a blue roadster."

"There are hundreds of blue roadsters in Paris."

"THERE are not. At home, yes, but you don't see many bright-colored cars here. Anyway, that isn't all. Evidently the messenger recognized Tony. I was crossing the stage that night, and *le régisseur* was telling our taffy-haired Cleopatra where she got off. '*And,* if you want to play around,' he said—or the French for it—'don't do your playing with the husband of one of our—'"

"'One of our' what?"

"I don't know, because he saw me then, and shut up quick."

"I don't care what Tony does now," Ann admitted.

"Of course not, but you don't want to pay the bills, do you?"

Ann certainly didn't. "That's a little too much," she told herself. She didn't tell Tony anything, but she cut down the number of hundred-franc notes left on her dressing table. One morning Madriguera asked, "Darling, did you see anything of the money I had in my desk?"

"No."

"Some one must have taken it—four hundred francs."

Ann remained silent.

"I've got to have a thousand today," Tony said.

"Where were you going to get the other six hundred?"

"I thought you might lend them to me."

"I *haven't* six hundred francs," Ann replied.

"Well, you get your salary—"

"I owe most of that to Bobbie."

"Oh, Bobbie'll wait."

"I won't ask her to. I've got the rent next week, and some one has to pay the marketman and the servants. Where do you think it's all coming from?"

Tony threw his newspaper across the room.

"We can't go on this way," he announced. "It's too humiliating. I can't come begging every time I want a few sous. Listen, Ann. Why don't you arrange to let me have the income from that insurance?"

"I told you, I won't touch that."

"Well, I'm not so damned particular."

He saw Ann's mouth straighten.

"Be sensible, Ann. If I'm going to get half of that money when you die, why shouldn't I have some of it now?"

"Because I won't have you living on the proceeds of my—my—"

"Your shame?" Tony laughed. "If you feel that way about it, why did you will the money to me in the first place?"

"I felt differently then. It even seemed possible that we *might* have children. And I felt responsible for my father and Bobbie. Father's provided for now."

"And so?"

Tony's voice softened. In his heart, he still believed he could always “bring Ann around.” “All right,” he said. “What's the sense building up the principal for Bobbie and me when you're gone? This is the time *I* need it.”

Ann wanted to ask, “For Lys Pontin?”

What was the use?

“Outside of me,” she went on, as though Tony hadn't spoken—“outside of me, Gordon's only real interest was in Bobbie. I'm going to make over the policy to her.”

“You can't do that!”

“Your own lawyer says I can.”

“So you've gone sneaking to him, huh?”

“I won't spend another penny of Gordon's,” Ann said, “and I won't let you spend it—while I live, or afterward. That's that, Tony.”

Madriguera got out of his chair.

“Listen to me, Ann—”

“This is going to be nice,” Ann thought. “Well, we may as well have it over.”

And then, to her amazement, she felt Tony's arm on her shoulder.

She turned.

“You're perfectly right, Ann,” he said. “I'll go with you to the lawyer tomorrow. I want him to see that you're not doing this secretly—that I'm not trying to get hold of your money. Is it a date, Ann?”

“Yes—tomorrow. Say about two o'clock?”

Tony nodded.

“Two o'clock. And I'm much obliged, darling. I was developing into a sponge. That's finished. I've asked you for the last penny. I'm going to have work by the end of the week, Ann.”

She believed him this time.

She had finished dressing, the next day at two, when Tony knocked at her door.

“All ready? That's too bad. It occurred to me that, on a day as red-hot as this, our legal friend might've voted himself a holiday. So I phoned, and the ayes had it. He'll be back tomorrow, and I made an appointment for the same hour.”

“I wish you'd thought to phone before I put on my war paint.”

“Tell you what,” Tony said. “Why don't *we* take a holiday?”

“Where?”

“NEVER mind. I know the place. It's way off the beaten track, and the coolest, quaintest little spot you ever saw.”

“Is it far?”

“Just far enough to dust the cobwebs out of your mind. We're going to start fresh, Ann. After Monday I'll be back in the shop, so let's take an afternoon off while we can get it.”

He was like the old Tony, the charming careless Tony she had met at Dufresne's. He still drove recklessly, but Ann was used to that now. And she had never seen him so gay.

“Do you really need money, Tony?”

“Desperately.”

“I was pretty mean yesterday. I'll give you that thousand francs.”

“No, you won't. No more handouts. Besides, if I told you how much I need—”

He broke off abruptly.

“I wonder what you'd say, Ann.”

“If it's that much I'd say ‘no,’ Tony. I'd have to.”

“Of course you would. I know that. I just thought for a minute—but I'm through living on you, darling. You can be damned sure of that.”

They were at the beginning of a long straight road stretching miles ahead of them between two rows of big trees.

ANN glanced at the speedometer. “Sixty-three miles an hour, Tony.”

“You goose; that's kilometers.”

“Well, you needn't blow my hair off.”

Madriguera brought the car to a standstill.

“Something's wrong with the engine,” he said. “It won't throttle down.”

“I hope I'm not going to miss another show.”

He looked at her sharply, and then apparently remembered. “Oh, you mean our nuptial flight. The time we spent that very unnuptial night in the farmhouse.”

“Yes.”

“Funny. I was thinking of that yesterday.”

He climbed out of the roadster and began tinkering. “Right!” he exclaimed at last. “There's a ball-and-socket joint on the way to the carburetor, and it jammed. We could go sixty miles an hour, or nothing. I've got it fixed now.”

They started off once more.

Two minutes later Ann called, above the whistling wind, “Is it jammed again?”

“What?”

“Do we have to go this fast?”

She pointed at the speedometer. A hundred and twelve kilometers—nearly seventy miles an hour.

“It won't stop!” Tony yelled. “Look!”

He had taken his foot off the accelerator.

A hundred and fifteen kilometers! A hundred and twenty! A hundred and twenty-five!

“Shut off the engine!” Ann cried, but couldn't make herself heard. Anyway, Tony was having all he could do holding the car on the road. It was careening wildly now, like a small boat at anchor in a choppy sea. There was a sharp curve ahead of them.

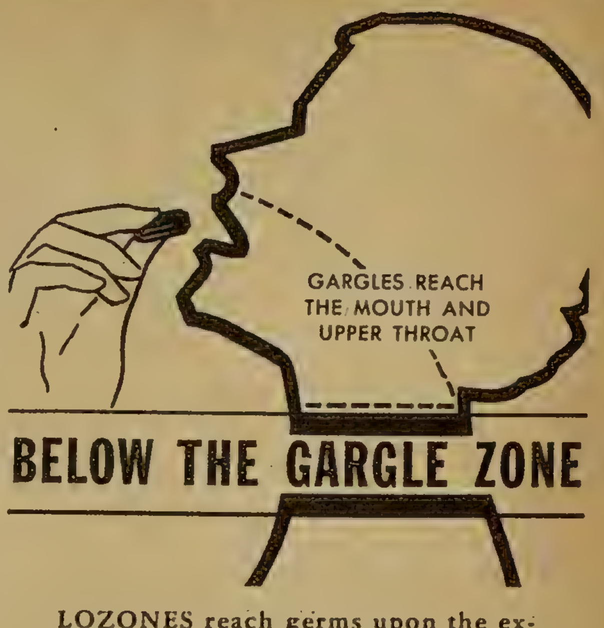
“Jump!” Tony screamed.

“No!”

“Jump, I tell you!”

A tragic finale to a holiday that was to have meant new hopes and a fresh start for Ann and Tony. But was the desperate Tony sincere in his new intentions, or was there some ulterior motive behind this last, fatal move? Don't miss the startling revelations that lead to the conclusion of this stirring novel in next week's issue.

NOW, FIGHT GERMS



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10c

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LOZONES
ANTISEPTIC THROAT LOZENGES
"Reach Below the Gargle Zone"

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BIBLE GAME

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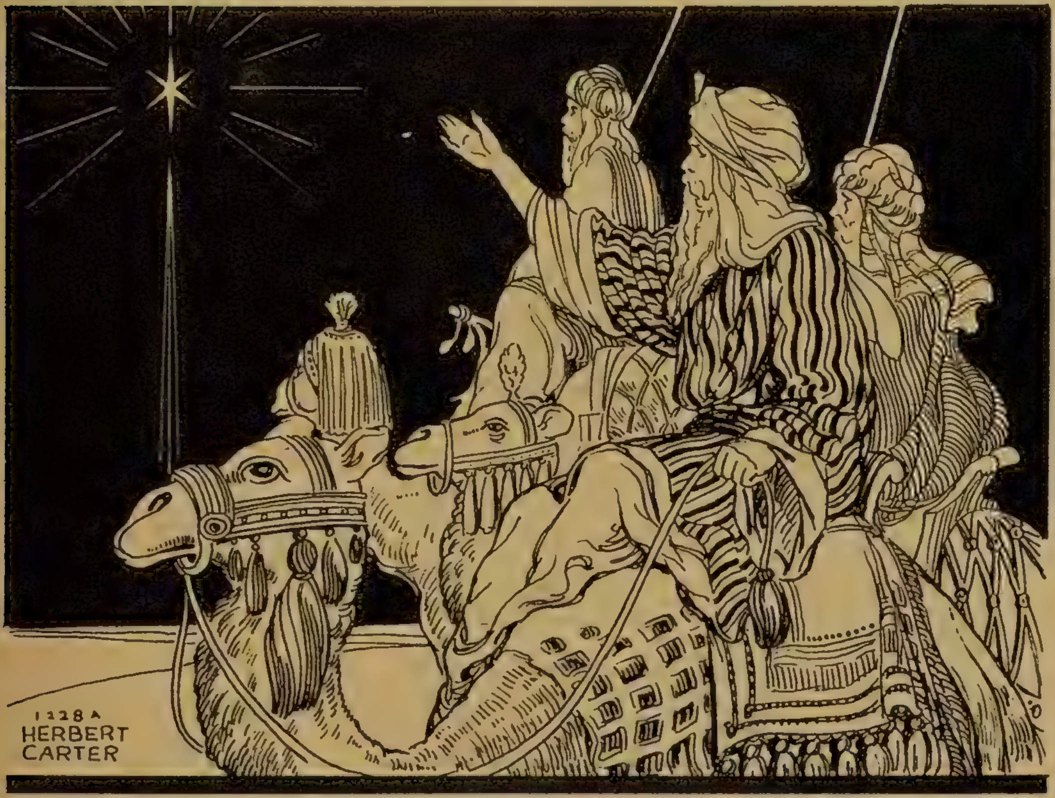
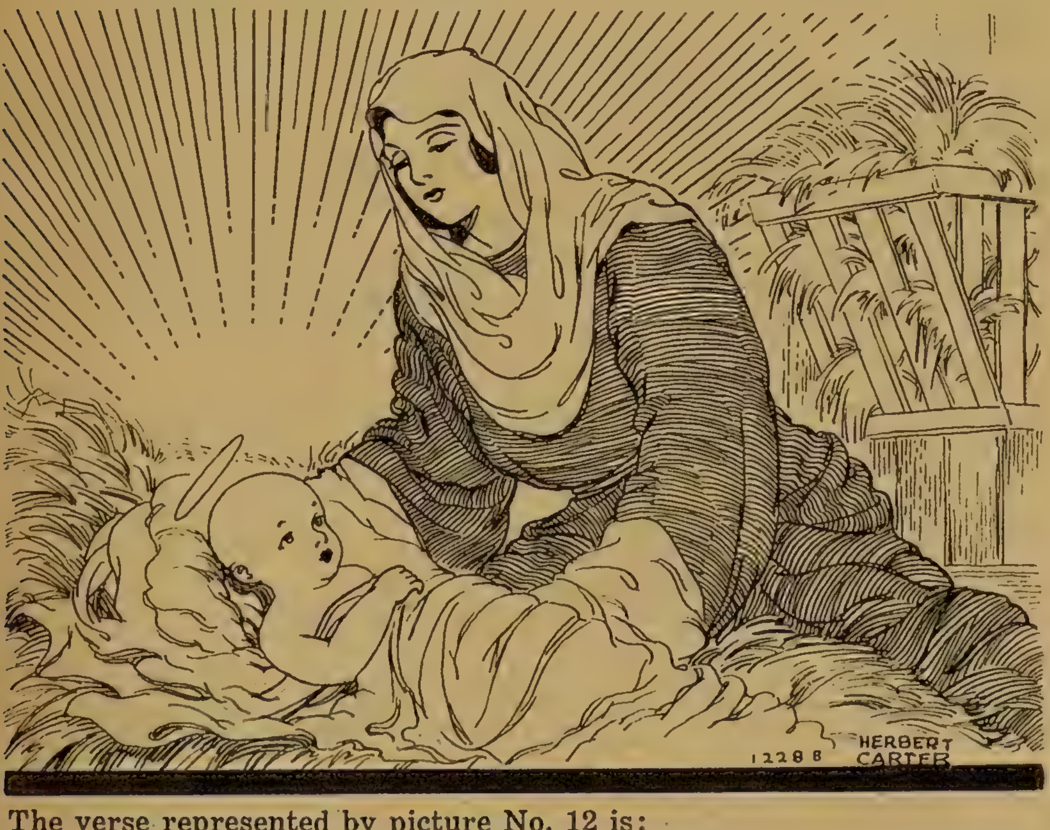


The verse represented by picture No. 11 is:

Verse No.............Chapter No.............Book............
Chosen from the King James section ☐ Douay section ☐ of the Condensed Bible. Please check.



The verse represented by picture No. 12 is:

Verse No.............Chapter No.............Book............
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THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
170 PRIZES, Each $5	850

IN ADDITION!
TO THE PASTOR OF ANY DENOMINATION NAMED BY THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER LIBERTY WILL AWARD $250

THE SIMPLE RULES

1. Liberty's Bible Game consists of sixteen pictures. Two will be published each week. Contestants are to choose the most appropriate verses for these pictures *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the King James Bible, or *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the Douay Bible (not from both), contained in a booklet entitled The Condensed Bible, and give the verse designations in the spaces on the answer blanks provided for this purpose. Verses in complete editions of the King James and Douay Bibles that do not appear in the Condensed Bible will not be considered. Copies of the Condensed Bible have been presented to public libraries throughout the United States, where they can be conveniently consulted. Entrants who want the Condensed Bible for home use can buy a copy through Liberty for 25 cents postpaid. Only United States money orders or currency are acceptable.

2. The prize schedule appears above. The entrant submitting the most appropriate verse-answers for the sixteen pictures accompanied by the best statement of 250 or less words telling " What religion means to me " will receive first prize. Statements will be judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness. The entrants submitting the next most appropriate verse-answers and next best statements will be given the remaining prizes in the order of their excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Elaborate entries are not desired.

3. The sixteen pictures and answer blanks, or reasonably traced or drawn facsimiles thereof, with solutions and statements must be submitted by first-class mail at one time, as a unit, with contestants' names and addresses, by Wednesday, January 22, 1936. All entries are to be addressed to Bible Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. Entrants may submit as many complete units of pictures, answer blanks, and solutions as they wish, but only one prize will be awarded any one person.

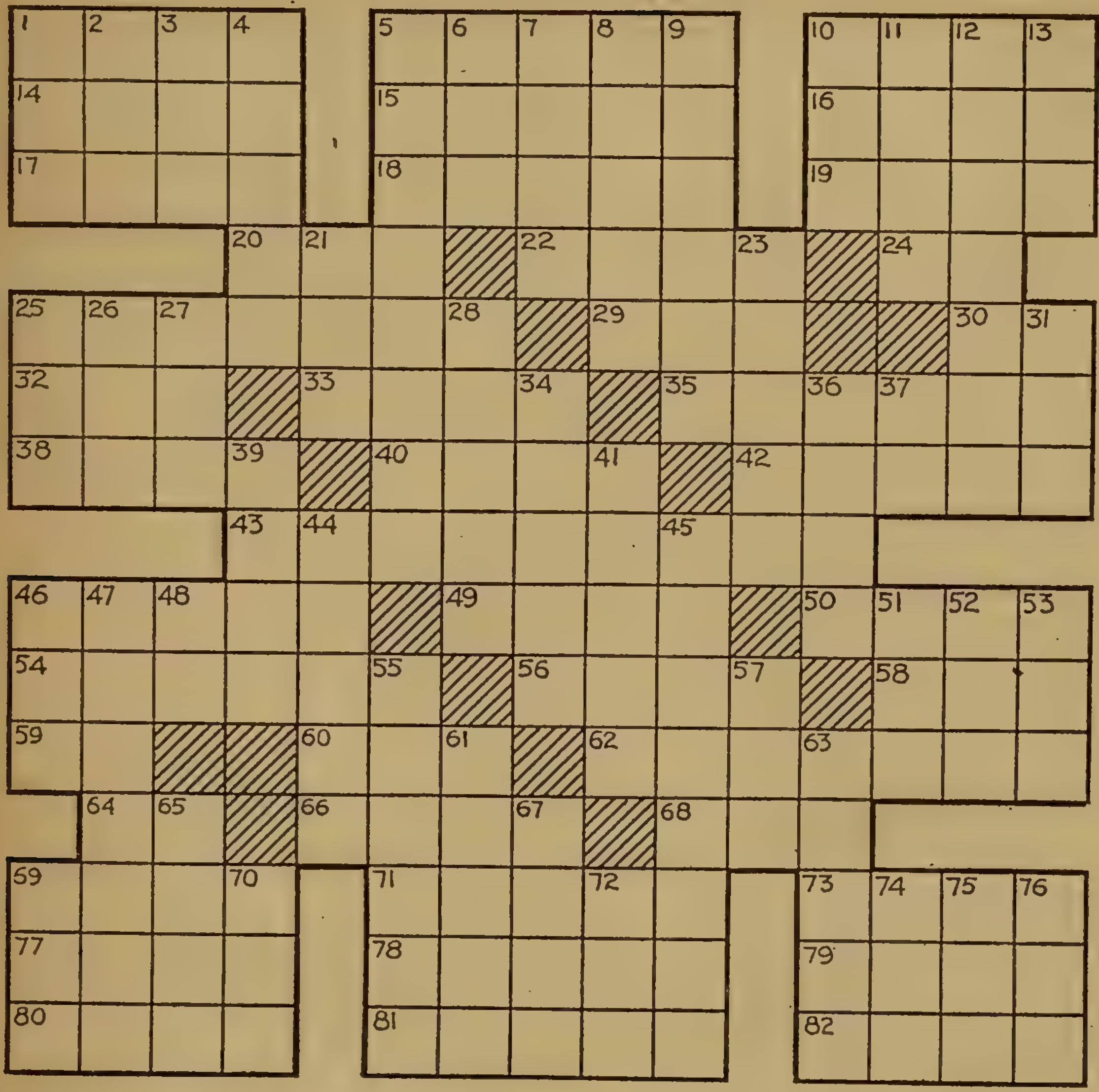
5. Every one is eligible except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

6. The members of Liberty's Contest Board will be the judges. Their decisions will be final and entrants take part with this understanding.

7. The Bible Game is nonsectarian. Hence Liberty will not interpret verses, publicize sectarian views, or engage in correspondence on these subjects or any other phase of the contest.

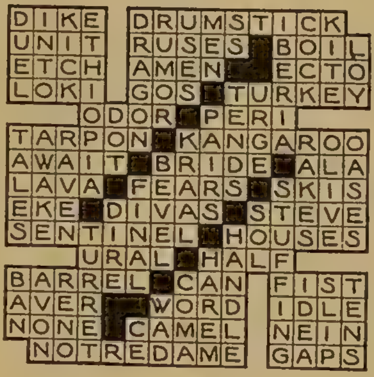
WATCH FOR DRAWINGS 13 AND 14 IN THIS INSPIRING GAME NEXT WEEK

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Eager
5 A device for hoisting
10 Early Roman emperor
14 A rajah's wife
15 A place of safety
16 Hostile incursion
17 Eponymous ancestor of the Hebrews
18 Cast or throw out
19 Crafts
20 Combining form meaning three times
22 Puncture for fastening by wire (bookbinding)
24 Latin conjunction
25 Water container used in laundering
29 Ocher
30 Island off the French coast
32 A tree
33 Qualified
35 Covered with hairlike filaments
38 Those who vote in the negative
40 An island in the Hebrides
2 Celebrated
43 Trees of tropical Asia
46 Pertaining to a certain continent
49 Division of the Hebrew Bible
50 Fruiting spikes
54 Fabulous Australian animal
56 Protective covering of a certain plant louse
58 Town in France
59 Article



DIKE DRUMSTICK
UNIT RUSES BOIL
ETCH AMEN ECTO
LOKI GOS TURKEY
ODOR PERI
TARPON KANGAROO
AWAIT BRIDE ALA
LAVA FEARS SKIS
EKE DIVAS STEVE
SENTINEL HOUSES
URAL HALF
BARREL CAN FIST
AVER WORD IDLE
NONE CAMEL NEIN
NOTREDAME GAPS

Answer to last week's puzzle

60 An ingredient of sealing wax
62 Deprives of light
64 Partake of reality
66 Biblical name
68 Regard studiously
69 To whimper
71 Armistice
73 In excess
77 Persia
78 King of Moab
79 Have being
80 Woman's name
81 Moves by means of small wheels
82 Conduct

VERTICAL

1 Part of to be
2 Talkativeness
3 A person indefinitely
4 Circumference
5 Cherubs
6 Piece of cloth
7 Prayers
8 A graduated series of boxes (plural)
9 Involve as a necessary accompaniment
10 Mouth (plural)
11 A weed of grainfields
12 One of an ancient Far East people
13 Alleged force or natural power (plural)
21 Greek letter
23 Any void space
25 Pallid
26 Masculine name
27 Start aside, as from fright
28 Inflate
31 Supplied with nourishment
34 Insert in records
36 Muzzle of an animal
37 By
39 Abide
41 Ventilated
44 Old-womanish
45 Mussulmans hostile to the Crusaders
46 Arab garment
47 Tan
48 Within
51 Imitate
52 Hurried
53 Genus of European wild boar
55 Equivocate
57 In behalf of
61 Freight
63 Hillock of rounded form
65 Dash
67 Thin soft muslin
69 Starch-yielding herb of East India
70 Compass point
72 Book of the New Testament (abbr.)
74 Strive for superiority
75 Woman's name
76 A color

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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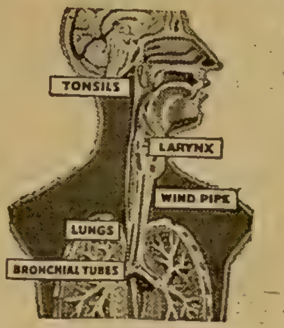
by "Moist-Throat" Method



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Vox Pop

The President's Mystery and the Case of Ambrose Small

TORONTO, ONT.—Because of Liberty's serial The President's Mystery Story (November 16-December 21) I am prompted to write this letter.

Some sixteen years ago Toronto and Canada had its greatest "missing millionaire" story when one Ambrose Small, theater magnate, was gobbled up in the unknown. It was carried as hot news to the magnitude of Lindbergh coverage for months and is still Canada's biggest unsolved disappearance. Recently the case was again brought to light and newspapers are again feeding it to the public as a much-desired topic.

The latest outburst followed the death of Mr. Small's widow (?) and subsequent publication of her will, which leaves most of a $2,000,000 estate to charity.

Now, certainly 75 per cent of the Canadian people feel that Ambrose Small is still alive; and while he didn't "get away from it all" or "away with it all," he must have had some millions besides those which he left behind, and is enjoying them elsewhere in the world. Enough for the picture.

My suggestion is that, in so far as Canadian readers are concerned, Liberty should draw attention to the possible parallel between the fiction of your splendid story and the facts of the Ambrose Small case.—*T. J. M.*

THE AMBROSE SMALL MYSTERY

Noontime, December 2, 1919, Ambrose J. Small, a rich and successful Canadian theatrical magnate, deposited a certified check for $1,000,000 in the Dominion Bank of Toronto. Born in poverty and obscurity, his act represented the supreme achievement of "Amby's" life—to have enough money to travel and see the world, enjoy the arts, and be a gentleman of leisure.

After a special shave, during which he appeared nervous about the time, pulling out a peculiar split-second watch he always wore, he had lunch with his wife and his lawyer. Leaving them, he said gaily to Mrs. Small:

"This is one night I won't be late for dinner—say about seven o'clock."

That was the last she ever saw of him. According to his secretary, Jack Doughty, who had served him for twenty-five years, Amby left his office in the Grand Opera House, Toronto, around six o'clock that evening, swinging his cane debonairly and smoking a fine cigar.

Not one sign of the genial and triumphant gentleman has come to the world since then, though detectives combed the continent, a million circulars describing him were broadcast, a $50,000 reward was offered, and even furnace ashes were sifted and garbage dumps explored and analyzed.

Three weeks after this disappearance for no apparent reason (ransom was never demanded), Jack Doughty, the secretary, also vanished from sight! Eventually, however, he was run down in a small town in Oregon, and confessed to taking $105,000 in Victory Bonds from the Small safe-deposit box the very day of his employer's vanishment!

But although Doughty served seven years in jail, he consistently swore he knew nothing of Ambrose Small's complete obliteration.

Of course there was a "woman in the case," too. A mysterious "Miss C. S.," who was a backstage acquaintance of his, was accused of luring Amby into a cab and delivering him into the hands of kidnapers. But nothing of the kind was ever proved to official satisfaction. Also, the barber who shaved Amby said that his unique watch was seen in the Small house *after* he disappeared, proving he went home *before* his black-out; but that was never proved, either.

Where Ambrose J. Small is, or what became of him, is still a profound mystery. Some think he was captured and murdered before ransom could be demanded. Others hold that he is alive and enjoying life—that he had a lot of money besides the splashy million-dollar check, which was never drawn upon, and is living his own ideal life somewhere as some one else.

But nobody knows.—VOX POP EDITOR.

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Mrs. F. E. Colsteed (November 16 Vox Pop) says: "At last the clubwomen of America have accomplished something" (approved birth control).

In my opinion, they have. They have out-Heroded Herod by advocating the slaughter of the innocents. Their resolution degrades and debases American women to a state of legalized concubinage. It denies to the unborn American his God-given right to life which is so clearly laid down in the Declaration of Independence.

Talk of the Constitution! Talk of states! Soon the family in America will become only a name, and when the family is gone what will become of the state whose decadent women have depopulated it by lawful infanticide?—*Mary O'Donnell.*

TENNESSEEANS ARE SMART

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.—Please make your cross-word puzzles more difficult. Cockeyed or not, they cannot hold my interest, and that of two clever neighbors of mine, unless they are harder to do. We do them in a day, at odd times, without a dictionary, and then twiddle our thumbs until the next Liberty comes out.

We are always right on them, too. If you can't hire clever puzzle makers up there, get one from down here. We Tennesseeans are *smart.—Mrs. Bertram Burton.*

BUT THINK OF THOSE WHO TAKE TWICE AS LONG

MIAMI, FLA.—One of the irritating features of Liberty is the arbitrary time limit set for readers of its various interesting features. I happen to be a rather fast reader and can absorb in fifteen minutes a story listed as "READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 10 SECONDS." This holds true for the entire magazine.

I have bought Liberty at newsstands for one year. This means an expenditure of $2.60. Inasmuch as I require half the time to read it that others do, I feel justified in asking for a rebate to allow for the deduction. Kindly forward your check for $1.30, which I will file with my rejection slips.—*Stanleigh Malotte*

NO CULTURE . . . NO UPLIFT . . . NO . . .

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—With intense displeasure I note an increasing national tendency to disparage our upper society and leaders of the social set. Motion pictures, cartoons, the stage, and even writers often look for their comedy in a burlesque of society people.

As a society woman I am proud of the part we play in maintaining a very important phase of American life. We society folk are the real leaders of this nation. Without us there would be no real culture, no uplift, no great philanthropic movements.

If our ways are not the ways of the common herd, it is because that herd is too stupid and dull to grasp an ideal existence. It is inevitable that a majority of humans shall be dolts and dullards, and so is it inevitable that we shall be supreme in spite of feeble ridicule. Those who lampoon us are but disguising an inferiority complex.

America needs us. This country has always needed us. The nation shall always depend upon us who rule invisibly. We shall continue to rule—not through money or power, but simply because we are superior!—*A Social Leader.*

2 YEARS FOR WINCHELL

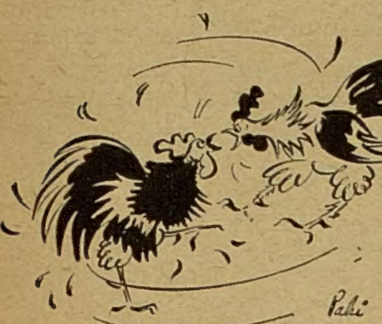
RALEIGH, N. C.—I have been reading How I Captured Hauptmann (October 12-November 23 Liberty). In it Lieutenant Finn says in referring to Walter Winchell, "I'd have given a year's pay check to be able to reach out and cut him off."

I'll raise the ante to two years' pay at any time for the privilege of cutting Winchell off. Speaking of public enemies!—*M. E.*

HOW CAN A LADY ENCOURAGE SUCH CRUELTY?

New London, Conn.—For many years I have been reading Vox Pop, but never before have I read a letter which prompted me to write. The letter (November 23 Vox Pop) came from some lady who boasted about her prizefighting cocks.

How can the law of this so-called civilized land permit such cruelty as cockfighting? Do we not look upon the Spaniards as barbarous because of their bullfighting? A fight between two cocks is no less cruel.



Above all, how can a lady encourage such cruelty?—*Merciful.*

SO TAO MAILED THIS TO US!

San Francisco, Calif.—Flower of the Gods, being a strange story, will undoubtedly be scored by the ignorant. Therefore I offer a tale for which I can personally vouch, for it is my own true story:

I, a native San Franciscan, daily strolled through our weird Chinatown. One day I succumbed to the temptation of purchasing a rare ring—a ring of wondrous jade, intricately carved, but covered with a peculiar film of yellow dust.

I took a cloth of silk, and as I began to polish the gem a strange impulse gripped me and, as though another spoke with my tongue, I found myself saying in a strange language unknown to me, "Abracadabra!"

Instantly before my startled eyes there sprang a flame and I heard an almost forgotten voice. I drew back in terror; for out of the flame there emerged a man I had married in the fifteenth century and later had had beheaded by a later (k)night.

Not as fortunate as I, he had been unable to obtain permission for reincarnation, so had had to bide his revenge all these centuries. His eyes burned his condemnation of me, and from a golden scabbard he whipped a shining sword.

He struck! He struck again, and lo! I fell to his feet, dead.

Being dead, it was quite a problem to devise a way of getting this to you. Luckily, last week an ethereal delegation which hovers above Tibet arrived above San Francisco, and among them no other than Tao, the priest of Flower of the Gods.

Being the only one of us permitted to walk the earth, he mailed this for me. —*Oat (via Tao).*

RATTLETRAP HEADS

Cairo, W. Va.—Say, on that editorial in November 16 Liberty, An Amazing Revolution on Wheels. Never mind the rattletraps on wheels. They can't run fast enough. What you want is to eliminate the "rattletrap heads" and the alcohol-benumbed brains and bodies that are trying to operate cars.

I have been crowded into the ditch many times, and off the road, but never by an "old rattletrap." Invariably it was a high-powered car with a foreign license and a haughty overbearing driver, who generally cursed me.—*H. O. Alderson.*

Houston, Pa.—In November 16 Liberty both Mr. Macfadden in his editorial and a Vox Popper voice the opinion that the automobiles of ancient vintage still roaming about the highways are responsible for a large number of the road accidents.

My personal opinion is based upon fifteen years of experience as safety engineer, in which my work took me into most states of the Union and involved driving over half a million miles. That experience, together with a review of my transcript as a justice of the peace for the past three years handling automobile code violation cases, lead me to the conclusion that at least nine out of ten of the accidents occur not from mechanically defective automobiles or cars of ancient vintage so much as from mentally defective drivers of superpowered cars.—*S. C. Reynolds.*

RED FLANNELS . . . LITTLE WINGS

Nashua, N. H.—I have just finished reading Charles W. Mitchell's letter (October 5 Vox Pop). What a kick I got out of it! I hope those girls will wear the good old red flannels this winter, so their little wings won't get frostbitten.

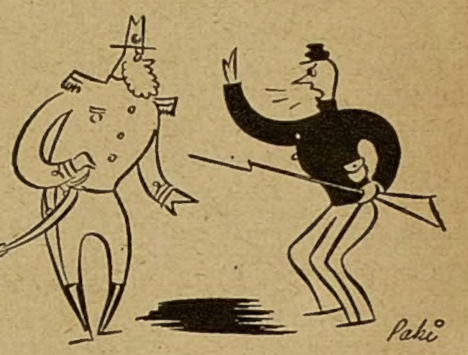
Readers, can you imagine what such a place as that Burlington Junction must be?

What a shock it would be to Mr. Mitchell if he ever left that paradise and went out into the world where ladies really live a normal life—the world where they are free to fly, drive cars, drink beer, dance, and smoke cigarettes in public without having to be afraid of losing their reputations!

I think the folks in Burlington Junction are just old-fashioned. My advice to them is to get out into the world, and after a time, say a year or so, join the nudists.—*A Lady Smoker.*

THE WAR IS ON AGAIN!

Goodland, Kan.—So A Damn Rebel from Memphis, Tennessee (October 19 Vox Pop), thinks it unfair, does he, that winners of Liberty contests are so conspicuously absent in the Solid South. (And then came that lengthy list of winners he had overlooked!)



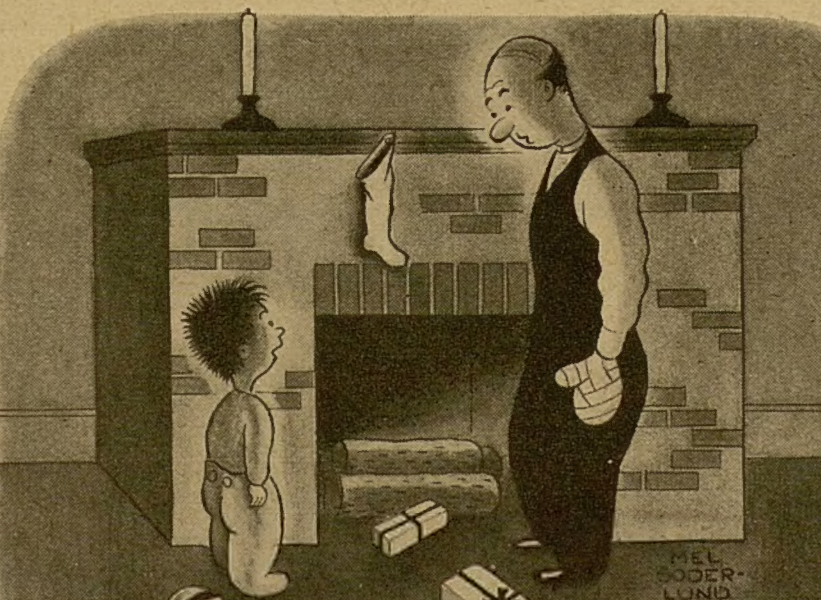
He—or she—may have had a reason for that statement. The South, to a Memphian, is Memphis, Tennessee.

However, if those contestants from Memphis would stop fighting the Civil War over and over again, jump that span of seventy years right into good old 1935, try being a bit courteous to those from north of the Mason-Dixon line, and get all brain cells clicking on one subject at a time, they might stand a remote chance of showing up as winners now and then.

I know—I lived there five years. So—phooey to A Damn Rebel from—*A Damn Yankee.*

9 WIGS, 9 GOWNS

San Diego, Calif.—Say, ain't $10,000,000 rather a scurvy sum to put into a museum to house occasionally the nine wigs and nine black gowns of the Supreme Court? With 12,000,000 on the dole and a bagatelle pension for useless old people, it would seem that our government might have done better by our antiques. Can't we declare it "unconstitutional"?—*A. Garrett.*



"I put a mousetrap in my stocking last night to catch Santa, but I guess he got away."

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

FAIRMONT, MINN.—A Fairmont woman asked for thirty-three dollars in cash from the relief funds—to obtain a divorce.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—When a burglar entered the apartment of Peter F. Vignes, commercial artist, he not only stole the victim's typewriter but ran up a $119 long-distance telephone bill. The intruder phoned pals in six cities.

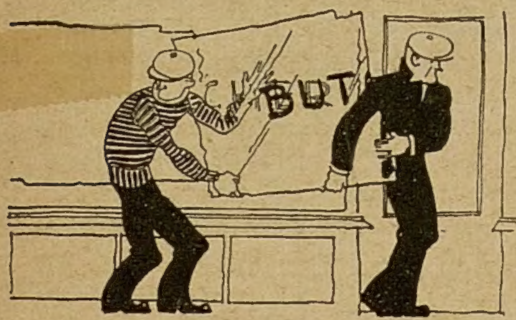
KANKAKEE, ILL.—James A. Reisenhaus's success on the stock market won him his freedom from the State Insane Hospital.

Committed to the hospital on petition of his father, Reisenhaus contended he was sane. In substantiation he showed Judge Saum of Watseka he had made $75,000 speculating in stocks since 1930. Judge Saum said:

"No man can make that much money these days on the stock market and be insane."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The poets' assembly of the Philadelphia unit of the Poet Laureate League, Inc., has gone on record in favor of a bonus or pension for every poet and for shorter hours and better wages for part-time poets. The idea is to give them more time to write poetry.

WICK, SCOTLAND—Thieves who cut out part of a store window here took the glass with them.



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Happy Happenings

Walter Winchell, the highest paid and most popular newspaper columnist in the world, was a vaudeville actor out of work. A friend who ran a theatrical weekly sent him out with a camera to take Broadway snapshots at five dollars a day. He let the camera fall and broke it on the third day out. "Oh, well, write me some Broadway snapshots for five dollars a week," said the editor. The written snapshots made a hit. Winchell was taken on a daily newspaper. He now earns a hundred thousand dollars a year just because he broke a camera when he was broke himself.—*Roy L. McCardell.*

•

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bonus.
—*Rep. Wright Patman.*

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COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

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50 UNANSWERED QUESTIONS IN THE HAUPTMANN CASE!

NO matter what your opinion on the justice of the Hauptmann verdict you cannot help but find absorbing interest in the fifty unanswered questions involved in the case which Liberty points out next week. Posed by a newsman whose five filing cabinets on "the crime of the century" contain perhaps the most complete private collection of inside information in existence, these questions will pique your curiosity and furnish you basis for unlimited reasoning. The possibilities raised are startling!

NURSES'-EYE VIEW OF THE QUINTUPLETS

HOW do their nurses regard the famous Dionne quins? How do they identify them now? How are they training them? Along what divergent lines are the characters of the "five little women" developing? What do the nurses prophesy? Marguerite Mooers Marshall brings you the answers direct from Callander next week in Liberty.

ALSO you'll enjoy MORE SECRETS I'VE KEPT FOR YEARS by Joe Humphreys—I FACE THE NEW YEAR by Arthur Gans—ETHER FOR TWO by Margaret Runbeck—SNOWED UNDER by Lawrence Saunders—and other interesting fiction and fact

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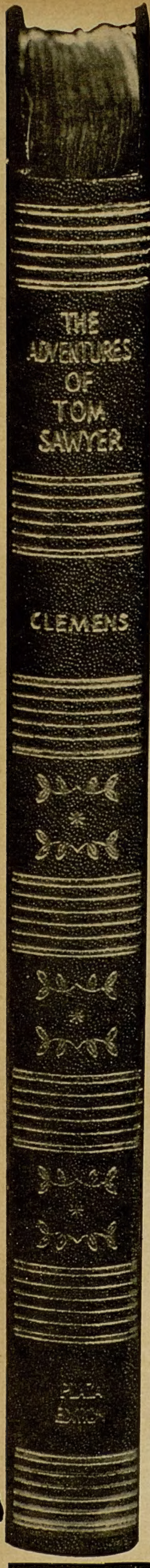

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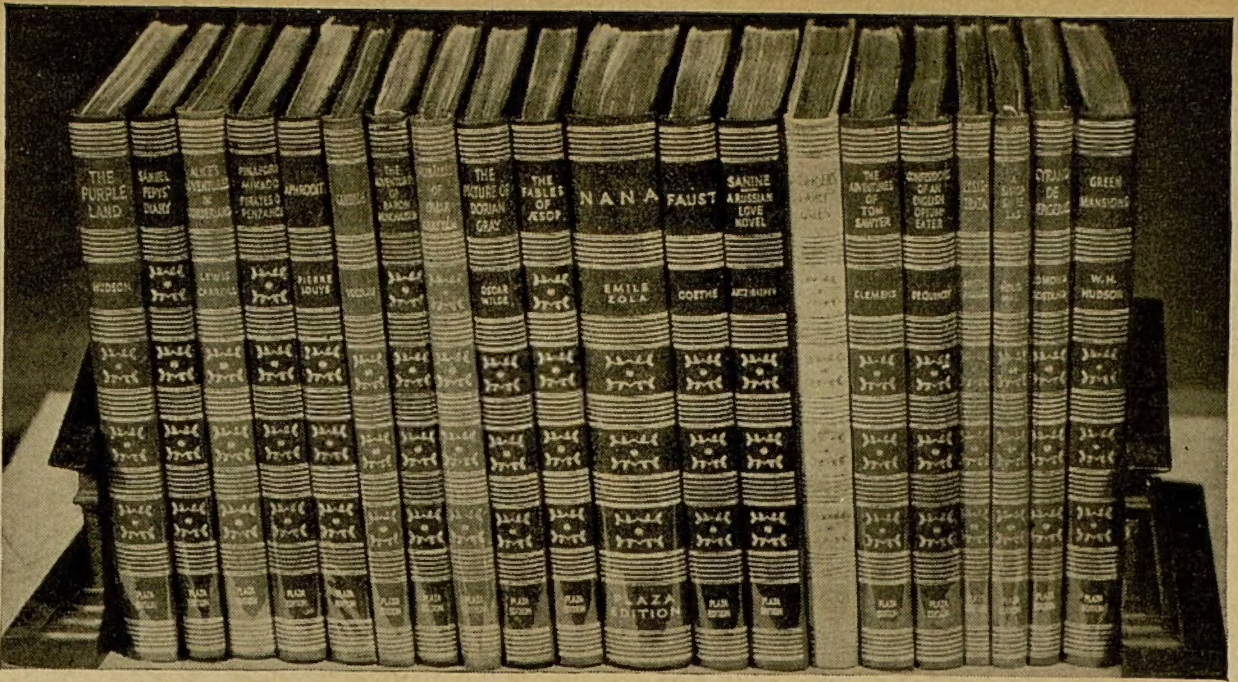

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Aristophanes' brightest, most human comedy featuring a strike of wives.

C—CANDIDE, by Voltaire
Masterly exercise of the imagination by one of the world's greatest authors and satirists.

D—THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN
History's most fascinating liar who has won the heart of millions.

E—SANINE, by Artzibashev
A realistic Russian love novel, vigorous with the often brutal naivete of the Russian.

F—CYRANO DE BERGERAC, by Edmond Rostand
Tragic-heroic French drama which has captured the fancy of thousands of theatre-goers.

G—A SHROPSHIRE LAD, by A. E. Housman
His poetry is eternally satisfying. This collection is a favorite.

H—THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, by Oscar Wilde
Strange realism and weird fantasy are combined in this famous novel.

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J—RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM —Edward Fitzgerald translation
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K—SAMUEL PEPYS' DIARY, Edited by Willis L. Parker
"The most revealing and human document in the English language," says the Dictionary of National Biography.

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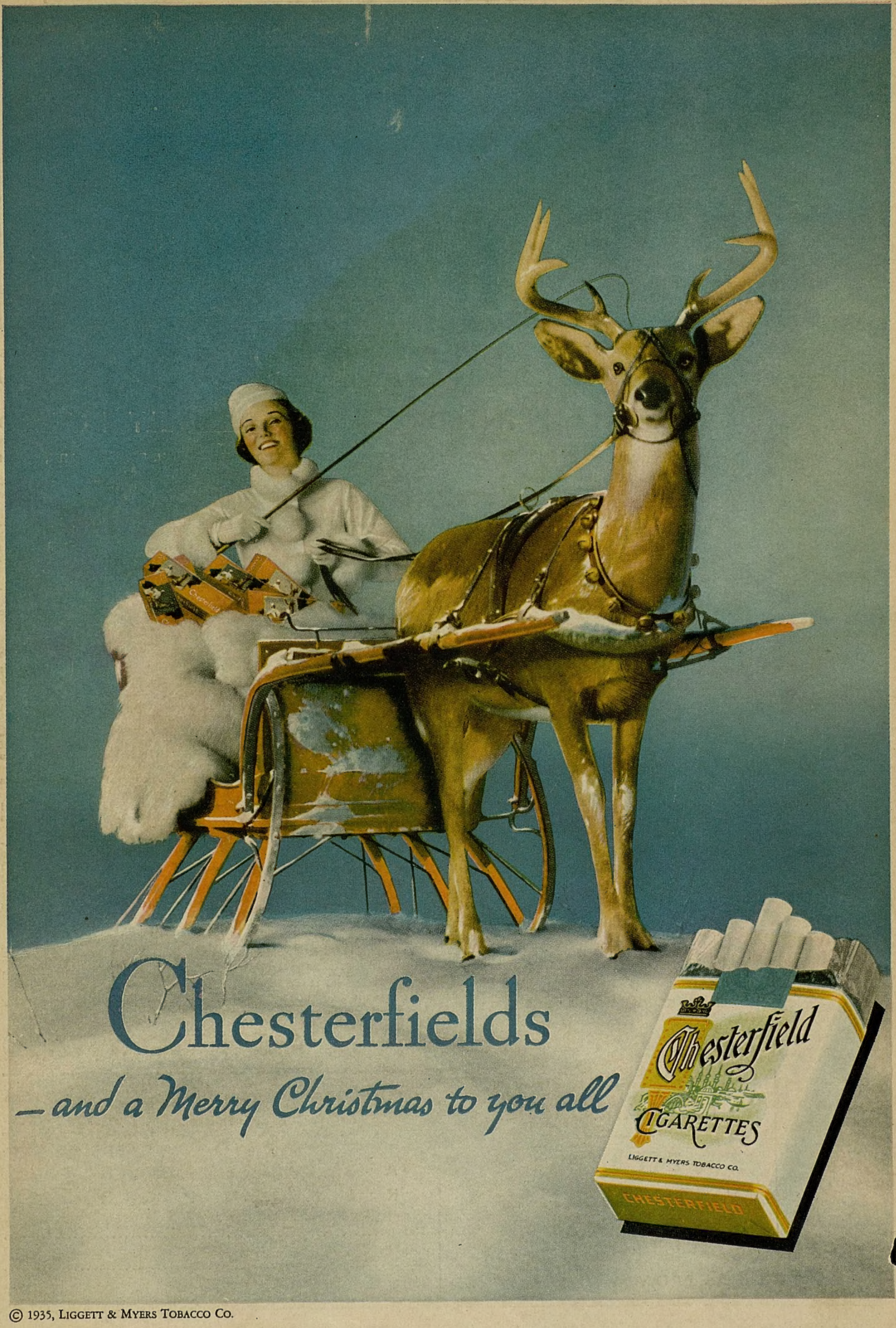
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